

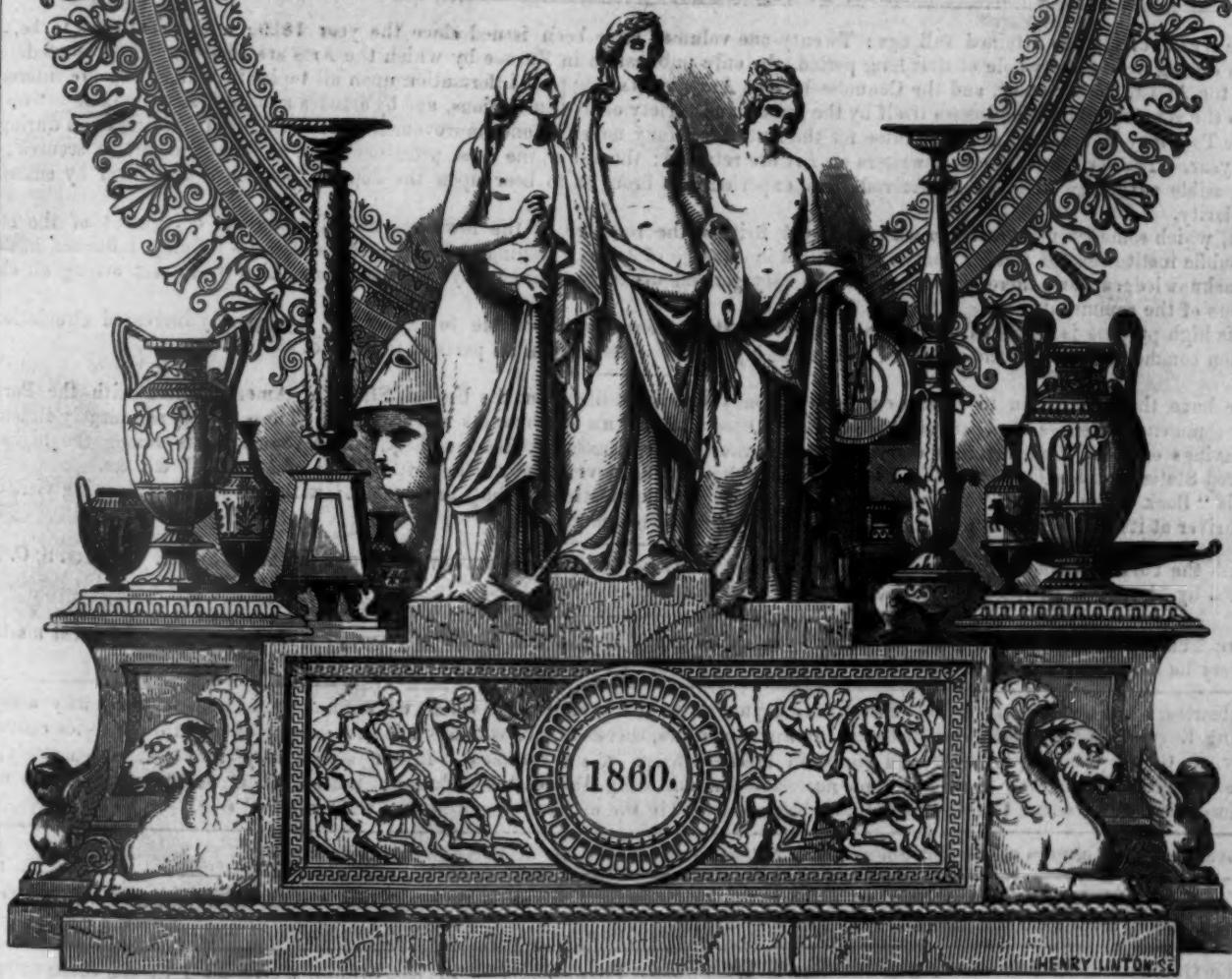
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

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MARCH.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.

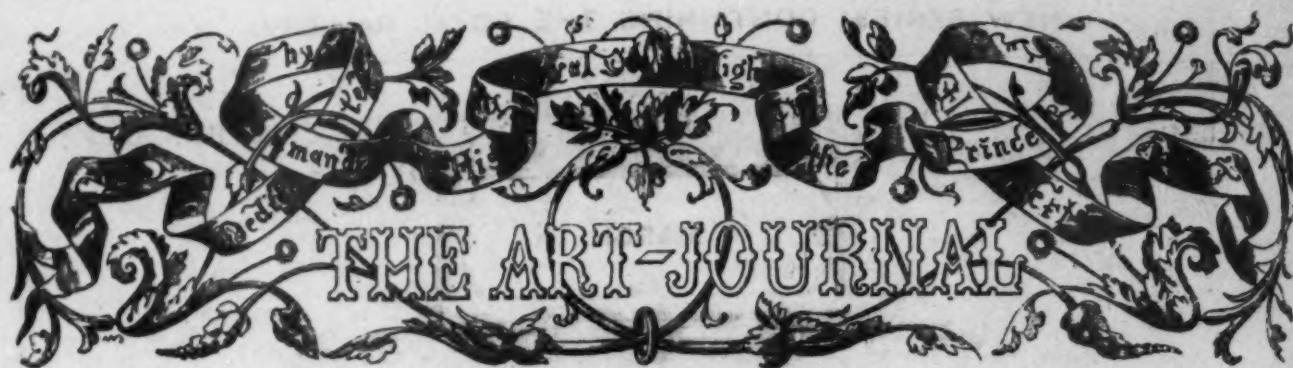


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	PAGE	PAGE	
1. LOMBARDY, AND ITS CAPITAL. PART I.	65	10. THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA. PART III.	81
2. THE MINERS	68	BY BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated	81
3. LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS. NO. 4. THE FLOWER PAINTER'S DEATH. BY G. WALTER THORNBURY	69	11. THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS—EXHIBITION	83
4. ART-DECORATION, A SUITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN. BY J. STEWART	70	12. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES	85
5. EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY	71	13. PICTURE-BOOKS:—THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Illustrated	87
6. OBITUARY:—SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS, R.A.	72	14. THE COW-DOCTOR	89
7. ART-GALLERY AND MUSEUM FOR MANCHESTER	72	15. THE COMPANION GUIDE (BY RAILWAY) IN SOUTH WALES. PART III.	91
8. ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART. PART VII. RAFFAELLE. NO. 2.	73	BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL. Illustrated	91
BY J. DAFFORNE. Illustrated	73	16. THE GREAT EXHIBITION—1862	93
9. THE BRITISH INSTITUTION—EXHIBITION	77	17. ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES	94
		18. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	94
		19. REVIEWS	96

The ART-JOURNAL has attained full age: Twenty-one volumes have been issued since the year 1839; and it continues to be, as it has been during nearly the whole of that long period, the only publication in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented.

To the Artist, the Amateur, and the Connoisseur, the ART-JOURNAL supplies information upon all topics in which they are interested; while to the general public it addresses itself by the beauty and variety of its illustrations, and by articles at once instructive and interesting.

The Past may be accepted as a guarantee for the Future. Many novelties and improvements are introduced into its pages during the present year. The services of the best writers on Art are retained; the aid of the most prominent and accomplished artists secured; and every possible advantage that can be derived from experience is brought to bear upon the Journal, to secure its power by sustaining its popularity.

Art, which some twenty years ago was, in Great Britain, the resource of the few, has now become the enjoyment of the many. Every public institution has learned that to circulate a knowledge of Art is a leading and paramount duty; its refining influence has been largely acknowledged; and there is, consequently, a very general desire to derive enjoyment and instruction from Art among all classes and orders of the community.

This high purpose is achieved by the ART-JOURNAL. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect for it a greatly increased circulation—a circulation commensurate with the advanced and advancing Art-love manifest in all parts of the world.

We have the satisfaction to inform our many friends and subscribers in the United States of America, that with the Part for January commenced a series of papers entitled, "THE HUDSON, FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA." These papers are largely illustrated by engravings on wood, from sketches and drawings by the author, BENSON J. LOSSING, Esq., whose reputation is among the highest in the United States, and has been established in England by his admirable volumes, "The Battle Fields of America," &c. &c.

This "Book of the Hudson" has been prepared especially for publication in the ART-JOURNAL; with this view Mr. Lossing visited the gigantic river at its source, and is now tracing its course downward to the sea.

With the Part for January was also commenced "THE COMPANION GUIDE, BY RAILWAY, IN SOUTH WALES," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, illustrated by Messrs. J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, Hulme, May, &c.

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1860.

LOMBARDY, AND ITS CAPITAL.

PART I.

ASUMMER excursion begun in Switzerland, and continued in Italy, is, to our thinking, very nearly the ideal of a delightful tour. The world cannot match it for the union of the attractions of Nature and Art, each heightening the other.

What free enjoyment, to roam awhile in the bright highlands of glaciers and snowy peaks, which so exhilarate the soul, and make us feel unwontedly a greatness in it, from the lofty aspirations and sympathies they call forth! And then, when imagination has received as much as it can harmoniously compass (for its powers are, alas! more or less limited), what mild, yet exquisite delight, to descend to that vast blue Italian plain beneath,—that tender ocean of fertility, teeming not only with the bounties of nature, but with those of the human mind not less,—and pass the remaining holiday time more calmly in the capital cities of the Arts! in the intervals of their attractions, it may be, recalling Alpine recollections, and familiarizing them in the mind by the aid of whatever feeling and fancy may contribute. Our present aim is to retrace certain delights in Lombardy more especially; but the picture were scarcely complete without some brief glancing at that which, by its invigorating influences of every kind, prepared the way, doubtless, for a fuller enjoyment and appreciation.

Several times have we entered Italy at striking and beautiful points of view; but none equalled that when she first appeared from Montemorone—a height between lakes Maggiore and Orta, which is the Piedmontese Rigi. Nor is it only that the landscape itself vies with any in those countries, but the effect under which we saw it was the most interesting and magnificent we have as yet the power of conceiving. The range overlooked there is immense. On all sides, save the south, extends in the distance a circuit of numberless Alpine peaks. Beginning from those far beyond Turin, the eye wanders at large over the crests of Monte Rosa, and her crowd of peers, the Simplon, and St. Gothard, and hosts of others, till it loses itself quite in the remote ranges of the Tyrol. The numerous lower, greener, and more sylvan mountains, with winding lakes, fill the middle prospects; and to the south, the plain of Lombardy extends away without limit, except in the utmost clearness of the air, when the filmy Apennines of Genoa

appear, and even level lands fading from sight near Mantua and Parma. On such a day, when without haze, the earth seems left alone with heaven,—yea, almost brightened into a heaven itself in its serenity,—this prospect is divine; but to be there in the morning that precedes such a blest condition of the landscape, and *prepares* for it,—to see the horizontal layers of bright cloud glide away from the shoulders and the flanks of lofty Alps, and unveil beauty after beauty of the lower world,—is something diviner still. And this we saw when last we stood on Montemorone; and the vision has become a type in our minds, which is most apt to draw forth beauty and majesty and glory of other kinds, and to oppose things contrary, whether of harsh narrow error, or depressing care.

On the morning we speak of, the sky overhead was blue everywhere—and, oh! ineffably clear, melting towards the horizon to that silvery, spiritual brightness which is as a divine illumination of purity in repose; but white level clouds lay embedded below, beginning near at hand, and receding to the distance like a vast far-stretching plain of bright snow, all in the clearest sunshine. The peaks of numbers of the highest Alps just rose from it, like so many islanded eminences from an ocean—the crystalline clearness of their snows most delicately distinguished from the soft, fleecy whiteness of the divine calm of vapour that bathed them. There soared the peaks of Monte Rosa, with one huge tower of luminous cloud built up beside them suddenly from the level layer of vapours—or, rather, a full-sailed galley of cloud it was, at anchor there, and folding its wings. Crowds of other vast summits ranged from behind this. More to the right, the lower steeps of the Simplon were fully displayed, and the St. Gothard, in an empurpled light of wondrous beauty: they looked filmy, ethereal; and yet you could discern the character of their surface, rock and lichenized slope, and ridgy glaciers glancing down the high-seated brows, beneath the upper world of snow.

But how solemn all was, pervaded by an imperturbable spirit of silence and calm! All that expanse of descended cloud-region rested in the most impressive stillness. It was solemn as a psalm; a very picture of majestic silence. A vision of Siberia it seemed, with icy ridges (the home of the Mammoth), and endless heaving of wintry snows lonely and desolate, as some poor Sarmatian chieftain banished there. But beneath, other clouds more slight, more steep of edge, more shadowy, were in loose light flitting motion. They parted; and then between them were momentary glimpses of the lower and nearer earth—cloud-framed vignettes far beneath, of blue lake, and hanging wood, with a turreted village haply shining between them, or a little green island; yet they were seen only for an instant. But presently, behold, the higher plain of white vapour itself begins to move and creep along, and rise, bubbling, as it were, into rounder forms, with a slow motion, which has almost the effect of divine music, of distantly-heard anthems, angelic choirs, or rejoicings of a people made melodious by the advent of some all-encircling good—a *Te Deum* of the Milanese in their Duomo down yonder, on the glad scattering of the Austrian power. Next, on turning to the other side, the summits of the sunny mountains above Como and Lugano were seen, all quite suddenly uncovered—resembling, amidst the ebbing vapour, an archipelago of gentle dimpling green hills, formed by streams, and gliding torrents, and lakes of a most milky brightness, or like snows shrinking beneath the flash of vernal sunbeams. But in one moment thin mists rise everywhere, and nothing is visible but luminous steam gliding nimbly along.

I delighted myself exceedingly with prying

about in the vapours. My casual companion, an English gentleman, declared he had never seen anything so fine as the appearances up to this point of universal mistification. It was pleasant, even a comfort to me, to see my enthusiasm brightly vindicated by the eyes, lips, and ejaculations of a manifest man of business. But, alas! when these gauzy curtains of the day were suddenly drawn around us, his raptures took a chill; he actually seemed ashamed of them. To the everlasting detriment of his imagination, perhaps, he turned his back on Nature at the very moment when her sweet wooing might have raised its tone in an important degree, permanently. His spirit dozed off again, even as another kind of man would *wake* from the unreal phantasmagoria of some dream unworthy of faith and memory; and buttoning up his coat, as if to exclude sentiment, and poetry, and every other trifling of the kind, he bustled away through the fog, with some remarks, not only prosaic, but peevish, as if he feared that such spectacles might tend to demoralize his substantial and most fructifying worldliness. Meanwhile, as it grew cold, the guide was lighting a fire, which flickered in the light film, like the rosy sparkles in the milky cloud of an opal; and we remained, in our slight degree, warders or watchmen of grandeur and beauty. And we were not unrecompensed, it may well be said. Not late in the afternoon, a soft and glowing serenity in the atmosphere began to ensue. The haze became thinner and thinner, and transparent; and the whole of the vast scene slowly and gradually dawned and brightened through it, with now no form of cloud intervening, and tints more golden, more rosy, and warmly verdant than had anywhere appeared in the morning. Now, lo! the Borromean Isles at our feet, reflected in the sky-blue lake, and Isola Bella, with its palace, and cypresses, and pyramid of green arcades; looking, from this height, like little Queen Mab's own villa, one would say, but that fairies have never yet been met with in Italy. Those crowds of secondary green mountains opposite were now all clear; and evening was beginning to crown and scarf them with her ethereal gold: the flocks of white Tyrolean peaks skirting the distance beyond, glittered like the last of the retiring clouds in sunny summer; and on the other side, the plain of Lombardy stretched away to the extreme visible horizon, like a calm green and azure sea. We could plainly distinguish Milan, and even its Duomo—a little cluster of shining building, looking quite lonely, ruralized most romantically by sylvan and lawny solitudes ranging around with oceanic vastness. Several lakes insinuate themselves into this tranquil pastoral expanse, and mirror its marginal trees in their seeming void of bluish silver. And but a little beyond them, around a vale watered by the Agogna, the heights finally melt away into the plain in a number of mounts, some entirely sylvan, others wilder and all ferny. They seem each worthy, in their gentle peacefulness, to be the seat of our Saviour's sermon; but, before long, the bloody battle of Magenta was to be fought in the lowlands, overlooked by them at no great distance. Now this whole realm of landscape beauty and magnificence manifestly smiled. The great mountains themselves, warmly glistening, displayed far more than in the morning their never-ending sinuosity of grace. They seemed the very emblems of serenity, and gentle tenderness, and heavenly peace; and all things thus revealed, or where shadowy mingling and losing themselves in each other in a tender mystery, formed an infinite loveliness, so subtle and exquisite, that human heart and mind cannot sufficiently appreciate it.

Where we descended, the pastoral heights were studded with noble chestnut and other



large trees; and the bells of the cattle straying about, kept up a tinkling noise, which harmonized with all around, filling you with happy rural ideas, even as the vesper-bell sounding from the dell lower down, instilled tranquilizing fancies of a more directly sacred character. By and by, Lake Orta appeared deep below, with its one little island, and *Monte Sacro*, and a blue torrent streaming in the shade down a pendent grove beside it. And, lo! nestling by the water, the tiny cluster of buildings, which seems so quiet, as if the inhabitants all had left it, and gone to some even more soothng place.—Yon little village, with its few bright buildings, looks solitary as a nest with three or four little eggs in it, in a bough, deserted by their parents, and yet of unassailble serenity!—Far, far above, the sun has set behind Monte Rosa, beneath those brighter golden dappled clouds that seem rising like blessed spirits from the pensive stillness of the shadowy earth to the higher purity and tranquillity of heaven. Embowered walks at length brought us down to Orta. I could here have fancied myself, sometimes, in one of those dear English parks, to which my youth was most frequently accustomed, but for some fresco-painted oratory peeping out amongst the shades, or the dress of the peasants returning from the vineyards homeward.

But memory has her privileges beyond strict connection of time and place; and so, in recalling impressions experienced on entering Italy, we find ourselves all at once—there is no resisting it—not at Orta, but at Macugnaga, not at the foot of Montemorone, but of Monte Rosa. It must be that the beauty of the landlord's wife draws us thither. Now who would have expected that, on first entering Italy, in that sequestered mountain valley, we should meet at once the nearest approach to the ideal of a refined, elegant Italian beauty, met with during the whole of that peregrination! But so it was; and to associate her the more completely with the endeavours of the old painters to define that beauty, and hallow it in our imaginations, she was (most fortunately) entirely occupied in nursing her baby. Her symmetrical delicate features, and sweet dark blue eyes, with somewhat large and soft lids to them (*item*, two very decided lids), were indeed unmistakably quite Leonardoish in type and character, but more beautiful than any face by Da Vinci we know of. The nearest approach to her is, perhaps, that Madonna in the Ambrosian library by his pupil Luino, who has, we shrewdly suspect, a superior perception of beauty, though less of subtlety of character and expression. The costume, too, of this graceful Anzascan, was elegantly picturesque. The end of the crimson drapery folded round her head hung down on one side in a tasteful arrangement; and she wore a somewhat oriental-looking, dark-blue tunic, (eclipsed in colour by her eyes), girded round the waist with other crimson folds, beneath a chemisette, white as the snows on her own Monte Rosa. Her delicately-shaped feet, against which nothing could be alleged, except that they were ruddy from habitual toil in the fields, were bare. Her manners were exceedingly retiring and shy. Perhaps she had discovered that she was beautiful—an object of interest to many who cross her path; and hence that bashfulness, that elegant reserve, as we must call it, natural to one who feels that she must be ever liable to a more earnest scrutiny than her simplicity of nature permits to be acceptable. It was a most beautiful sight to see her rocking on her breast a child who seemed inheriting the most characteristic of her charms. Tired as we were by crossing the pathless snows of the Monte Moro, we could not help straying again and again into the kitchen, with a simulated inadvertency, for the pleasure of stealing a glance

at so very captivating a pair of Eve's children—that flower full-blooming magnificently, and its peculiar graces so brightly nascent in the bud.

But this fine and exquisite creature working in the fields! Even so; male labour in the upper part of the Val Anzasca is scarcely to be had; for the lads usually go forth to push their fortunes in wealthier lands, though they almost invariably return home, to marry and settle in comfort on their far-sought gains. In consequence, nevertheless, of these their roving ways, the females are obliged to undertake the roughest kinds of labour. You pass them thus employed, or journeying from village to village, handsome for the most part: the fair Anzascans, like their own valley, have an unrivalled reputation for beauty. Their clear intelligent Italian looks, fine well-grown forms, and spotless linen, (on which no *mauvaises bêtes* are ever known,) strikingly contrast with the Swiss of the lower parts of the neighbouring canton, and indicate a superior order of beings. Goitre, cætrism, and mendicancy are unheard of amongst them.

And their valley itself! It seems to have moulded them with its beauty—that vista of mountains magnificently sylvan, with Monte Rosa at the end of it; those downward-veining rills and dells of lawn around, and leafy shades in which the bright young river so often loses itself; and those few scattered dwellings, down on which you look now and then, nearly hidden, too—buried almost to the roof in greenest greenery! Oh memory, though I must often have offended thee very grievously, insulted thy divine power by making thee the keeper of things trivial, harassing, and unworthy—as if thou wert but some sorry jade, fit to be *châtelaine* to any trash—as if thou wert but as a dust-corner, to be heaped with the corrupting rubbish of the past, instead of a precious casket graciously appointed to receive its jewels, for the enrichment and delectation of our minds; and although I have often forced thee reluctantly to renew for me, and re-act to the very life the things that so much distressed and pained me, even at a time when I ought to have gathered from thy liberal hand the most rich and balmy restoratives,—yet forgive me so far, fair Sacristan, sweet sole bankeress of the mind, as to garner up for me a distinct picture of this lovely valley, and of the joy and elevation of heart which it inspired on that bright day when we walked down it. A day only it was! Yet will I have a month there by and by instead of a day. As it was, did I possess the painter's power, I should certainly have staid at Macugnaga to study assiduously our lovely hostess, for pictorial purposes. There would I have set her in the middle of the valley, a little below Ceppo Morelli, in her own costume, nursing her baby with her own shy grace, on this truly Elysian lawn. Throned on this emerald grass should she be, with these very flowers, and pale blue butterflies, and scarlet-winged insects, and ore-glistening stones twinkling about her; all which I would introduce, because they are so beautiful, but yet carefully in due subordination to atmosphere, to the simplicity of general impressions, and to the poetical majesty of the principal part of my theme. The sparkling Anza, too, winding round the meadow, should just kiss one of her bare feet, and the peaks of Monte Rosa should ascend behind her graceful shoulders, where the vapourless infinity of the blue serene retires into the placid silver of the open horizon; and the work, when worthily accomplished, should certainly be dubbed *La Madonna del Monte Rosa*.

But what would become of it? Next spring it would, most likely, be as a little dentil of the lofty cornice of the Royal Academy, too high to be seen! However, let us not be disengaged. Perhaps our oracles, the leaders of

the sounding orchestra of public praise, alighting on it years afterwards in the back parlour of some picture-dealer (where it had been charitably permitted on trial), might gradually steal courage from one another to admire it; especially if encouraged by some influential, independent mind, with something of an eye for merit, as well as for fame—another sense besides *hearing* to guide him in determining the fate of pictures. Nay, the opera-glass of a widely-celebrated critic might, it is supposable, fix on it even in the former aerial position. But, no; the figure would be too blooming for his favourite moral canons, too utterly exempt from all traces of so-styled religious cares or anxieties; or, in other words, the wearing torture of ceaseless self-scrutiny, which is the consecration of egotism. There would also certainly be a “taint of composition” in the artful flow and involvment of lines everywhere—even, perhaps, some lurking remains of “pestilent” classicality. The object being beauty, of which we have commonly so singularly dull and backward a perception, the painter would, we fear, have to wait for his due, till awokened Italy has time to vouchsafe us all another lesson. And, indeed, it were better he should do so, than (as we have seen) have his head turned by a mighty prate of purblind, spasmodic, turgid applause, which would only fool him to the top of his bent—develop his faults and morbid weaknesses in the swift hotbed of vanity—suppress all natural healthy tenderness and bloom of feeling—and end in making his works as forced, fantastical, and frigid as the praises heaped on him, at least as much for the sake of their own eloquence, as of his merits.

A day or two after leaving Macugnaga, early morning found us rapidly travelling along a most fertile valley in Piedmont—a blessed land, cropping wonderfully with multitudes of various kinds of grain, and with numbers of admirable social institutions; especially with Indian maize and rice, and thoroughly Anglo-Saxon constitutional freedom. The grey mists were ebbing beneath singularly cloven and jagged mountains near at hand, whose purple-brown summits were becoming flaked and enlivened with strong ruddy light. The little fields, divided by nothing but rows of light trees, some with vines festooned between them, seemed mantling or overflowing with many different kinds of produce—unusually tall and luxuriant leaves being conspicuous. Long blue shadows ran from the stems of the trees along the green earth, across paths leading away under their low-hanging foliage, through which the sun seemed wheeling along beside us, piercing it with sharpest needle-like rays of diamond (the spokes of his wheel), and inflaming the verdure with broad kindlings and long streaming shifting rays of heavenly-regal gold. Sometimes he called the summits of the tall poplars out of the obscurity, and made them twinkle like the fountain-jets of pale gold in the fairy tale; sometimes he seemed to set long vistas of trees all in a flame, till you could not but think of the burning bush in Horeb, when that shepherd who led forth “the chosen seed,” marked its first kindlings, ere the Divine Voice came forth.

We reached Baveno in a most hungry condition; and it was balm to learn at the inn that there was abundant time for breakfast, before the steamer, which was to take us on towards Milan, started. Only ten minutes afterwards, however, just as we had fairly compromised ourselves by the first sip and mouthful, we were whisked away by the assurance that the boat was on the very point of leaving. Nevertheless, the full charge had of course to be paid; and not simply this, but a waiter whom we had never seen before, pursued us on board with an excited and indignant protest that we had forgotten him.

The first glimpse of Lago Maggiore was exquisite. A line of light trees of the lightest feathery foliage, to which both autumn and sunshine imparted a rich umbery hue, formed a long and delicate screen, through which the lake was seen, most still, most clear; with smooth calm-shaped mountains beyond, all faint in the fair radiance of the morning. We entered a little boat, and glided by the Borromeo Isles close under Isola Bella, too complimentarily so called, it became manifest. From Montemorone it seemed beautiful, but now its ugly pyramid of terraces, clipped trees, and shabby grotto work, was scarcely to be looked at beneath that which opened into view as we advanced. For here, beyond the expanse of the lake, various lines of mountains appeared, ranging along in diverse directions, some in the east most sharply defined against the sky, yet else film-like. But other eminences receding towards the west, in the face of the sun, were beginning to show their rocky brows, and the woods and village-scattered steeps beneath them, emergent in glistening amber of delicate, slanting, liny gleams, over that greyish film of seeming vacancy. Monte Rosa, herself, lay like a flake of tender white cloud, at the end of one of those long, pale, glassy-looking ranges running from beyond Palanza, and including the mountains of our beloved Val Anzasca—a farewell retrospect of which occasioned a regret as intense as any thing seen for so very short a period is capable of inspiring. Palanza, pointing the horn of the bay which we were meanwhile approaching, is a little town of an elegantly picturesque and purely Italian character—the long horizontal lines of its large pale piazzad, and Venetian-shuttered, buildings, set off with tall slender square campanili, extending with a remarkable beauty of proportion and grouping. And the mass seems playfully mimicked beyond, by other little towns margining the lake at various distances, beneath sylvan promontories and verdant steeps, crowned with turreted villages of a similar character, which sparkle and shine with airy serenity and brightness.

In the southermost and less hilly third of Lago Maggiore (down which we next duly steamed), the chief pictorial business of the eminences seems to be to diminish and smooth themselves down to the Lombard plain, cheerfully as may be—like little green waves melting down to a perfect calm some days after a most mountainous heaving; and you find the task pretty nearly accomplished at Sesto Calende, at the foot of the lake. In the way thither, the views are not, as in the sister lake of Como, confined by steeps rising close on both sides, but open and extensive. The shores here also are social, gay, and *villatic*—abounding in terraced gardens, rural palaces, rural hotels, churches, and chapels, the resorts of pleasure—private, public, and devotional. Hills, at airy distance, are crowned by castles formerly belonging to the subtle, cruel and terrible Visconti—a family to whom tragic poets, and romance writers and readers (but no others), are under deep obligations. Their fiefs extended all the way from the Alps along these shores; and so perhaps the beauties seen from some of those turrets at hand may have soothed the soul of the captive and doomed Beatrice de Tenda, lending their calm and tenderness to its grief. One of the most pleasing and animated of the views was where the Castle of Angera, crowning a pyramidal hill on one side of the water, and the turreted town of Arona, opposite to it at the foot of the heights on the other, formed two promontories, all suffused by a strong saffron-hued sunshine of astonishing vividness; beyond which a gray, aerial, lucid, crystalline range of the Alps distantly peered, extending itself along. Arona's towers and balconies and green shutters were intricately mingled with sails and boats and striped awnings; and the

whole place seemed to kindle with lively noise and bustle as we approached, and to grow remarkably quiet and still again as we glided away, looking up where, amongst vineyards and gardens, the vast colossus of the good San Carlo Borromeo, (one of the best hits, by the by, in saint-making the Church of Rome ever made,) conspicuously stands, lifting his hand to bless his native place.

The company during this little voyage was such as might accompany us up Windermere, or even, (costume apart,) to Blackwall or Richmond to a dinner; for it consisted almost entirely of English tourists. Here I happened to meet with several whom I had habitually met with in my own country, (though, to be sure, I had never heard the sound of their voices;) more than one of them, however, almost whimsically disguised in a quaint travelling gear, as if, indeed, to indemnify themselves for the trivial conventional strictnesses of home, by the indulgence of a little fantastical liberty abroad. But so, it is to be feared, doing all that in them lies, to convince the Italians that the English are really and truly a rude Vandalian people, thoroughly devoid of the graces. Very probably the Huns and earliest Lombards did not appear to their forefathers a whit more so. There was one, a very vacant and forlorn-looking, but gentlemanly man, (a lord, a scion of a most noble house,) looking as melancholy and irrespective of his surroundings as at home; the place *alone* different; apparently no mental mirror set in his goodly frame-work. But a sharp little attorney (unless indeed my wishes flattered me), had an improved physiognomy, a softer and brighter eye, as he sat identifying every place with the aid of his map, as diligently as if it had been some nice point of law; looking, however, three times as much at the chart as at the place itself. Oh may these cheerful, beauteous, and tender-hearted poems, written on the face of this country, nevertheless sometimes visit his memory, to raise and refine his imagination, and thus tend to soften and liberalize his feelings; that is, if they are not sufficiently so already; for we mean no presumptuous, illiberal surmises. Thus may Monte Rosa, in plain fact, demonstrably ameliorate a bill of costs, and this limpid, heaven-reflecting lake press away on its bosom things that might bear but heavily on the widow and the orphan. Gracious reflections and wishes!—flowing from the hills, where they ripple down to the level plain, like the last waves of a green sea ending in calm on a sunny day. Benignant aspirations! applicable no doubt, with variations to the rest of that motley crew of staid touring Londoners—my sentimental self included, questionless.

From Sesto to Milan the long straight road leads through a perfectly level country, where the view was almost always bounded by the next hedgerow, or, at all events, by the next beyond that, consisting chiefly of rank acacias, white with dust. The trees, too, dotted about the exuberant field behind, were commonly polled, and hideously distorted. But once or twice, to more than make amends, the Alps peered over our most narrow horizon for a moment, glimpsing on us under the very clearest evening sky, and looking, in the haste with which they were passed, like mingled pyramids of amethyst and topaz streaked about with lines of glorious fire-like light. In the lifeless villages, abounding with long dead walls of clay, scarcely any one was then to be seen but Austrian soldiers lolling or straggling about, in a forlorn state of vacant indolence. Instead of low rural wains, drawn by large, flabby, cream-coloured oxen, resting on their return from market, such as one would expect to find, a considerable number of pieces of artillery was ranged in the largest of these villages that lay in our route; and instead of a troop of merry rustics coming home from some *festa*,

we met, alas! with bands of stupid and clownish-looking young lads, in white and blue uniforms, hurrying up the country, in clouds of dust, through which their bayonets now and then momentarily glanced and glittered in the evening sun. Soon, how soon, was the sun to be withdrawn for ever from hosts of those weapons! and the pitiable dupes who bore them to be removed from the face of the earth.

At Milan, in the dark, we were soon at one of those magnificent public palaces usually called hotels (Bairr's), much travel-torn, and after our rough experiences in the higher Alps actually almost humbled by the imposing display of elegant splendour that there awaited us. A man, like a nobleman's butler, with footmen attendant, walks before you with two tall wax candles in his hands, along endless handsome corridors, and ushers you into a most spacious and lofty *salon à couche*, fitted up like that of the Sleeping Beauty, with ormolu, gilt cornices, and rich and flowing draperies. If you were a plenipotentiary arriving with full credentials, he could hardly treat you with an air of more solemn respect. It is true, that some slight qualms of financial uneasiness may come across you, when left alone with these costly obligatory superfluities: already you apprehend the large amount of *la note*; but after roughing it for weeks in the Swiss highlands, the power of contrast gives a novel charm and pleasantness even to upholstery itself. So we were enabled to look into the chimney ornaments, and at ourselves in the mirrors, with an undisturbed complacency, which the nocturnal life and movement of Milan soon heightened to positive gaiety. These, indeed, were at once sufficiently obvious from our windows; the streets beneath, highly animated, the illuminated cafés full, huge blustering elephantine barrel-organs resounding here and there, and carriages rattling off in various directions. Such sights and sounds were pleasing and stimulative under the circumstances. The buildings bore a remarkably stately aspect by night, especially the lofty and large dome of the Servite church just opposite, rising above a semi-quadrangular colonnade. It was a pale mass of Roman architecture, which seemed itself left to a loneliness and silence that the almost immediate gaieties had no power to disturb. Rising with a delicate faintness into the black mysterious sky, it was lighted beneath by one or two lamps, which threw dim rays and gleams across it, worthy to illumine the most solemn and poetical groups that imagination could place there.

But if this building is worthy of the night, worthy of the brightest day is the Cathedral—a mazy mass of snowy, silvery fretwork, the holy marble crown of Lombardy, crowned itself by the azure sky, which also looks all sapphire love, and peace, through its light arches and bridges, in ten thousand jewel-like forms. It is our business now to consider it, to penetrate within, and mount to its skyey sanctuary; but, first, let us note a few general facts, and then, ere we proceed further, certain peculiarities in the façade, which are particularly characteristic of an Italian pile.

Milan Cathedral is the largest and the most costly in its materials and lavish ornaments of all the mediaeval churches; a church purely Italian in plan, but German in the general character of its details, the original designer being of the Teutonic nation. The pyramidal façade is pinnacled, and bordered with light Gothic fretwork, but heterogeneously furnished with superbly ornate doors and lower windows, in the Italian style, introduced recently. These last, in such a situation, if you had not learnt beforehand to expect them, would create much the same surprise which you feel when, on reading Boccaccio's or Ariosto's poetry,

some antique goddess or demi-god suddenly advances towards you amidst the bowers and turrets of mediæval chivalrous romance. This modern front, thus mainly designed in the Gothic, to correspond with the earlier part, but completed in a style more suitable to the ancient associations and milder feelings of the Italians, reminds one of some fair damsel, from a "north countree," come to be the bride of one of the old Visconti, or Sforzeschi, and, though still in her own national costume, already decorated by him lovingly with some exceedingly choice and costly ornaments in the peculiar fashion of the land which has adopted her. Though of much beauty and magnificence, the architecture of the outside of the cathedral generally is of a somewhat *feminine* Gothic, so to speak—relaxed and enervated, not braced up within due limits by those bold vertical members and projections which give such soaring majesty and vigour to the best northern styles; and there is, moreover, a general flatness and feebleness in the traceries and niche-work, the arabesque heads of which are utterly un-Gothic. The exterior, altogether, looks like a fabric far more suited for the marriage, churchings, and christenings of queens and duchesses, than for the more grave and solemn services of religion. It is, in a word, a *very bride* of a cathedral, decorated with lace veil, and scarfs, and streamers, in the utmost affluence and delicacy of hymeneal pomp. One imagines it a fit place for the inauguration of those splendid tournaments for which Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, the founder, (who endowed it with a rich marble quarry,) was so famous—tiltings at which our own wandering Mowbrays and Beauchamps distinguished themselves like the veriest knights errant. It was at some such jousting here, that one of the latter—the very Golden Rose of Chivalry, who scoured all the then known world for adventures, and was dubbed by the German empress, the *Sire of Courtesy*, because of his imperturbable suavity—encountered in three courses Sir Pandul Malacet, prowest of Lombard knights. "At the third course," says the ancient account, "he brake his besagurs, and would have done him a more fell detriment, had not the Lord of Milan suddenly dropped his warder, and cried 'Peace!'"

So far, the style of the northern architect has been much modified, and indeed enfeebled, suitably with the quieter, softer feeling of Italy; but enter. That Art I saw "was of a higher mood." And now, as with an organ's tones, one would fain expatiate to some enkindling purpose on that far grander and more solemn interior to which the lofty door conducts you. There a subdued contemplative light falling around, exalts yet more the long perspectives of columns of unrivalled tallness, crowned with capitals, formed of niches containing saints—here a magnificent device, however unsuitable for pillars of less colossal size. The clerestory windows, (which, Italian-like, are small,) filled with yellow glass, diffuse a subdued mellow glow throughout the upper part, or where the sunbeams directly strike, tinge, as with ethereal gold, the capitals of those gigantic columns receding in long rows opposite. Underneath, none but deep variegated hues are admitted; so that there prevails a tone of sombre warm harmonious richness rarely equalled. And where the brighter chequerings fall, there come and go, with the sunshine, tints like the plumes of visitant angels brightening and fading away, or like flower-banks of Paradise appearing to the visionary eye of some enthusiastic young devotee, novice or acolyte, who here pursues his clostral reverie.

The unrivalled grandeur of the whole remains remarkably clear from Romish encumbrances. Oh for some service worthy of such a temple,

some tributary sounds suitable to this sight—some swelling peal of music loftily harmonizing with this aspiring psalm in stone, this solemn upward-soaring rapturous ode in marble! Some rolling peal of many organs who would not long for—heard distantly, sounding like the august melodious chariot-wheels of some forthcoming divine power, to whose vibrations, mingled with the sweetest, tenderest voices of voiceless choirs, the echoes of all these giant columns, and tall aerial arches respond, till the whole fabric seems to tremble and shake with awe at the serene advance of that celestial hymning thunder!

Meanwhile some service was going on in the choir, amidst a dim obscurity of bronze pulpits, immense candelabra, and other objects of the kind; but it was nearly dark, so that we could little more than hear the arrogant-sounding chant of the priests—in truth a barbarous dissonance. Singular, at all events, that there should be no reformation here! Driven by this sound, we mounted to the roof, which presents an architectural *maze*, or *garden*, unrivalled for the light elegance and fancifulness of its effects, besides presenting a glorious bird's-eye view of Milan, and the Lombard plain, half girt by the lengthy ranges of the Alps.

Conceive, as you emerge into daylight, long avenues of Gothic pinnacles of rich and delicate imagery, delicately sculptured in whitish marble, and connected by perspectives of flying buttresses, or rather fairy-like bridges of open lace-work tracery. Across one of these you mount to the roof, which is also wholly of marble. Near its eastern end rises a broad pavilion-like structure, suddenly tapering into a spire, finished by Branelleschi, the architect of the duomo at Florence, and conjectured to be similar to the original design for the crown of that church. By a turret of open-work, forming a spiral staircase, and by a flying buttress at the top, you ascend to its parapets. Capuchin monks and Austrian soldiers ascending amidst the light open tracery, made ill-omened living gargoyle and effigies. Finally, you ascend yet further the loftiest slender giddy spire of all; and there the plan of the whole presents itself conspicuously. You look down once more upon the several vistas of bright marble pinnacles, tenanted by hundreds and hundreds of saintly figures. And here are added in front of them, immediately below, ascending rings of airy spires, crowned by angels and gilded stars, where sunrise and sunset find their first and last beamy response.

The architectural details, it must be confessed, are flat and tame compared to the bold, animated, springy Gothic of the north. High-shouldered niches, stumpy finials, and a somewhat weakly pampered foliage, show, so far, but a languid feeling for the style adopted. But here such defects may well be overlooked for the sake of the general effects: the figure sculpture has elegance and, beauty; and indeed, there is much to interest in the delicately fancied and wrought imagery of the other kinds with which the fabric is so profusely adorned in this part. A knot of vipers here and there reminds you of the Visconti, whose crest these creatures were, and whose subtle and cruel character they so admirably symbolize. That frequent Gothic ornament, a cluster of hounds ravening on a human shape, would be an equally apt memorial of one of them, Bernabo, who quartered more than five thousand of those animals on the citizens, and heavily fined and imprisoned those with whom they did not thrive. A cardinal eating a papal bull, too, would remind one of a certain sour jest perpetrated by another duke of the family. But who would multiply grim emblems on this scrupulous terrace, worthy the resort of heavenly-minded spirits, who love to contemplate the earth?

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE MISERS.

Q. Matsys, Painter.

H. Bourne, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 9 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.

QUINTIN MATSYS, as the biographers of his country have recorded, was originally a blacksmith, and is commonly known as the "Blacksmith of Antwerp," his native place; he was born in 1450. There is a romantic story told of him, that he was induced to quit the anvil for the palette, from having formed an attachment to the daughter of some artist who had determined that the girl should marry no one but a painter. Most men, and women too, know how powerful a stimulus to exertion is a strong feeling of love; and it ruled so predominately in the heart of the young mechanic, who, at that time, was only twenty years of age, that he relinquished his labours at the forge, and set to work at the easel. Under whom he studied is not known, but it is a matter of Art-history that in due time he satisfied the inexorable father of the girl, and won his bride; a reference to the story is engraven on the tomb of Matsys, in Antwerp Cathedral, in which edifice is his most important picture, in the Chapel of "The Circumcision;" it forms an altar-piece, with two folding-doors, and is, as a whole, very singular in composition. The centre-piece represents the dead body of Christ resting on the knees of the Virgin, with Mary Magdalene, and other figures; on one side of the shutters is the daughter of Herod, with the head of John the Baptist, and on the other, St. John in a caldron of boiling oil. Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks of the picture in these words:—"In the Pietà, the Christ appears starved to death, in which manner it was the custom of the painters of that age always to represent a dead Christ; but there are heads in this picture not exceeded by Raffaello, and, indeed, not unlike his manner of painting portraits, hard and minutely finished. The head of Herod, and that of a fat man near the Christ, are excellent. The painter's own portrait is here introduced. In the banquet,"—the scene where Herodias appears,—"the daughter is rather beautiful, but too skinny and lean."

In the last edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," that edited and enlarged by Mr. Stanley, appears a list of about seventy pictures presumed to be by the hand of the "Antwerp Blacksmith;" upwards of forty of these are subjects taken from Scripture and from the lives of the saints, St. Jerome being an especial favourite with the artist: the remainder are portraits and subjects similar to that which is here engraved. The majority of his works are in the galleries of the Continent, Antwerp and Vienna having each the largest proportionate numbers; in England there are none, so far as we know, except "The Misers," of which one or two repetitions exist.

Perhaps there is no picture by an old master as popularly known among us as this; it has been engraved in every possible way, and circulated in every possible form of Art-illustration: but, as a work unique in its kind, we could not, well-known as it is, omit it in the series of the "Royal Gallery" engravings. It is painted with extraordinary power; the execution, though hard, as was the custom of the time, being remarkable for its solidity, and finish of all the details and accessories; the expression of the faces is wonderfully characteristic, and the colouring is extremely rich and brilliant.

But "The Misers" is certainly a misnomer, though we have retained the name by which the work is generally known: there is nothing of a miserly character, either in the figures themselves or in the objects by which they are surrounded; we should designate them as bankers, or money-changers, of the olden time, "making up" their accounts, probably, when the hours of business are over. Misers seldom wear valuable jewels on their fingers, nor do they array themselves in rich vestments. Mr. Stanley assumes one of the figures—we certainly cannot tell, from its appearance, which of the two—to be a female, for he speaks of "the husband counting money;" we are quite willing to give the other the benefit of our doubt, but do not suppose the painter's wife sat for the model.

The picture is in Windsor Castle.



Q. MATSYS. PINX*

H. BOURNE, SCULPT

THE MISERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

5 MH60

LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY.

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 4.—THE FLOWER PAINTER'S DEATH.

GIOVANNI DA FIORI ("Giovanni of the Flowers") born in Florence 1645, died in London 1670.

SCENE:—Dingy upper room in Long Acre, strewn with pictures, dusty draperies, masks, and casts. GIOVANNI of his easel, pale and languid: on one side the portrait of an Alderman, and on the other a study of summer flowers, on which he is painting eagerly.

Giovanni. Now for the fat alderman's portrait. But no; spare me! not yet. First for a moment's touch or two at these flowers Paolo brought me from Hampton. The other is hateful drudge work; this I delight in. God sent me into the world to teach men to love His flowers. Saint Antonio! three fingers now would I cut off could I but catch some vapour of the blue April sky, that floats by the poor painter Giovanni's window, and breathe it into these violets! O that the blessed Virgin would but visit her poor painter some night, and breathe on them, so that they might have both the fragrance as well as the beauty of these blessed playthings of nature! These veins, too, in the paler ones, that I drudged so far out into the country for yesterday!—they are as subtle and tender as the blue veins on the temple of Mistress Blanche, the daughter of the fat alderman that comes again to-day to sit for his portrait. If my friend Paolo, the carver to Mr. Grinling Gibbons, were to come now, what would he say, with that prudent face of his, on seeing me at these dear flowers when I should be elaborating the alderman's double chin and his hard mouth, that closes tight as an iron money-box? But why should I, a genius—a genius born to worship flowers and make their beauty eternal, to ring them round saints, to strew them in heaven at the blessed Virgin's feet—be made to drudge at miserable portrait painting, neglecting the true bent of the mind that heaven blessed me with! False to myself! life passing!—curse that coffin clock there, that doles out the minutes, and clucks and clucks to see them pass unused for the one true purpose of my life!

[Leaps up, snatches a rapier from a corner, and lunges fiercely at the clock-case. Door opens: GIOVANNI looks round, and sees PAOLO, who looks at him, gravely but astonished.

Paolo. Why, Giovanni!—what! mad with the sunshine of midsummer, drunk with the fragrance of these silly flowers, you waste your foolish life dreaming over?

Giovanni. Paolo! (fiercely) but, demonio! it was but a freak. I thought the clock laughed at me, ticking off my hours as a shop-keeper does his day's sales in his ledger. Sometimes, Paolo, I think, this fretting life hurts my brain a little. My memory wanders, my voice gets weak and shapeless, and I seem in a wood through which I can see no daylight. It is better to die, Paolo; it is only a—(throws himself into a chair and weeps.)

Paolo (consoles him). Fie, Giovanni! What! Cardinal Ottoboni's favourite flower painter—the maddest lad in Florence—the glory of the piazzas—to lose heart thus, because Fortune drives him for a year or so to uncongenial work! Fie, man! tread roses under-foot; abjure the sight of lilies; throw away tulips; and think of nothing but portraits! Portraits bring in the gold pieces! Portraits give you sword-belts, and satin cloaks, and coaches, and pages, like Sir Peter Lely! *Soyez sage, mon ami! soyez sage!* Study court manners, and shun the devil of solitude! Your brain wants steady. Wrap round it the cold, wet napkin of common sense, and paint what will sell, leaving flowers for the gardeners, who grow them.

Giovanni. I will not sell my birthright, Paolo the prudent! I have a fire in my brain and a sting in my heart, that burn and pierce me when I am not doing what my genius prompts. I was born to paint the rose in all its paradise of leaves; the thin ruby of the tulip's cup; the lily's silver bell, gold-dusted within!—to teach a base and bad age the beauty of God's smallest works; the wonder and glory of this spiced carnation; the matchless perfection of these types of heaven, that men call useless, and knock to pieces with their riding switches as they pace up a palace walk! Paolo, I tell you that there is a universe typified in this white frilled daisy; in this amaranth, a beauty that makes the angels worship! These flowers are the blessings that God scattered on the earth when he had ended his seven days' labour, and the thunder echoed his words—"Behold, it is very good." They are words of God that I was born to interpret. Van Os is dull and heavy; Huysum—

Paolo. "Raphael—pagan!" "Rubens—gross!" I know all the harsh terms for the great dead men your craving vanity suggests. Why must you geniuses always make it a superstition to dig so many great reputations into the foundations of your castles in the air?

Giovanni. Did not an angel appear to me, Paolo, in a dream at Rome?

Paolo. Giovanni, this is rank madness! Your vanity makes you call genius what is mere wilful folly and caprice. I get you portraits of rich influential men, and you insult them, or paint their faces looking out of a thicket of flowers, like a clown's through a May garland. I have borne this long enough. I will not be chained through life to so dangerous and unwise a friend.

Giovanni. Paolo, is this you?

Paolo. I came to inform you that I am going to have rooms near Mr. Gibbons, that I may be always ready to watch the workmen. I had scarcely the heart to tell you this; but your rash folly has given me courage. I am one of those rats, you will say, that leave sinking ships. Be it so: I can bear your harshest misconception. There was a time—

Giovanni. There was a time, Paolo—as when I saved you from that sword lunge at Verona.

Paolo. There was a time, Giovanni, when I really thought you would have turned out a thriving, sensible portrait painter, and have given up this nonsense about flowers—this day-dreaming. But I have an appointment, Giovanni, at two, at the Palace, and must tear myself from you. Addio, Signor Giovanni, flower painter to the Virgin, the Saints, and Paradise in general! I will call and see you when you are in a wiser mood, and not quite so far on the road to Moorfields. I will send shortly for my things. Addio! [Exit.

Giovanni. Saints in heaven! did I call this base, heartless fellow my friend? Thus I wipe all memory of him from my heart! Insolent bubble! rising in the court air, and despising the honest soap that it came from, and which could make ten thousand such as he. How would that worthy father of his, the good jeweller in the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, wonder to see his new airs, and hear him lecturing Giovanni di Fiori, who used to be called "The Genius of Fiesole"—the Angelico of the Flowers! How I miss, in this London of selfish, worn faces, and dirt and fog, the happy smiling friends of my youth, that peopled dear Florence! Florence! Now for a quiet half-hour at those holy flowers, I have no model for. This tulip, striped with gold! this angel's wand of lily bells! this rose!—O this rose!—"regina florum," flower of flowers! chief ornament of Paradise! flower that seems to kindle into blushes as you play with its velvet leaves!

The soft tinge of daybreak has dyed it, and its inner darkness is rosy dark as summer twilight! Can I let a day pass without thanking God for casting these types of love and hope upon this dreary earth? Can I—

[Knock at the door, and rattle of carriage steps. Enter servant.

Servant girl. If you please, Mr. Italian (for I can't pronounce your name), here's Mr. Alderman Scroop, of the Barbican, come to sit again for his portrait.

Enter ALDERMAN and Mistress BLANCHE.

Alderman (with his chin in the air). Good morning, sir; I forget your name, sir!

Blanche (to her father). Giovanni da Fiori—John of the Flowers, sir.

Alderman (striking his cane on the ground). Oh, John Flower. Very well, then, John Flower, I have come to sit for that portrait I want, by Tuesday next, to present to the Honourable Hardware Company I belong to. Zounds, what not advanced a bit! God bless my soul—what not a peg further on! Why, Mr. Painter, is this what you call business? Is this the way I got my money together? No! And what do you call this eye?—I call it a button.

Blanche (aside). Dear father, be a little gentler with the poor man. Don't you see he is confused, and has turned quite pale. He won't bear—

Alderman (breaking out). Bear! What do I care what a painting fellow bears! I'll bear him! Here was I to have my portrait home on Friday, and now it is Tuesday, and little better than begun, after four sittings. No, I won't be quiet! I pay for what I have; I cheat nobody. I'm not one of your beggarly rogues in the Clink. I pay ready money, and what I buy I'll have at my own time, and done as I like. I send to my butcher for a joint, he sends the joint, and no words—

Giovanni (sitting down quietly, and bending over the flowers). Great English gentleman, when you have done I will recommence your portrait.

Alderman (chafing, sits down). O, head this way; very well. Why did I not go to Sir Peter Lely?—that is what Alderman Caper said. He is the fashionable painter; he does your rich sitters so that you could smooth it with your hand. Why go to a poor, unknown Italian?

Giovanni (aside). Brightness of heaven, am I doomed to bear this insolence!—(Aloud) Great English gentleman, your head a little to the right—thank you.

Alderman. And mind you make my cheeks of a rich colour, for I don't like your milk-sop portraits, looking as if one fed upon curds all one's life. Why, painter, I can tell you our dinner yesterday, at the Hardware Hall, cost not much under five hundred pounds. Venison! I should think so! Beef, would have done you good to see! Grapes, by the cart-load! Attend particularly, Mr. Painter, to this wart on my left temple; it is a trifle, but my father had it before me.

Blanche. The gentleman wishes you to look a little more towards the light.

Alderman. I shall keep my head as I like! I pay my way. I don't come here without paying for coming. I am not going to be ordered about by any scurvy—

[BLANCHE whispers to her father.

Alderman. None of your whispering; it isn't manners. Well, I know I am put out with that dispute about the sheathing of vessels with Mr. Pepys, of the Admiralty. Shouldn't I know, who have been in the hardware business for thirty years? Now, no coaxing, you little minx! If he did give you lessons in flower painting—what's that? Didn't I pay him in sound, unclipped money, well counted, and half again more than the lessons were

worth? Now, sir, have you nearly done? for my time is precious. No dawdling; I don't come here to go to sleep!

Blanche (aside). O, dearest sir, do spare this gentleman's feelings; he is a foreigner, far away from his own country: he is what they call, too, a genius, and will not, merely for money, bear your rough words.

Alderman (half aloud). Genius! what is that? Fig for genius! I like money—monied men is what I like! I don't like genius that isn't punctual. (*Louder*)—Look you, Mr. Foreigner, if you don't look alive, and finish that portrait of mine, for the ward-room, before to-morrow at twelve, I shall dock five guineas from the sum I promised to pay you. Alderman Scroop is not to be trifled with; his name signifies ready-money, good articles, punctuality, and good weight; what he pays for he'll have!

Giovanni (jumping up, and seizing his rapier). Miserable, rich Englishman! I have borne long enough, for the sake of your beautiful daughter, your insolence, and your cruel threats. I am a genius, born for other objects than to perpetuate the hideous features of depraved avarice and oppression! Thus perish all thy hopes for immortality! (*dashes his sword twenty times through the canvas*.)

Alderman, starting up, alarmed and angry, threatens GIOVANNI with his stick.

Giovanni. A step nearer, and I drive this steel through your gross heart, and send you to the devil you have served so well, two hundred dinners before the final apoplexy that will choke you! Out of my room, sir! Away! The place consecrated by the visits of the Virgin, and these holy flowers, shall not be polluted by your loathsome foot!

Alderman. A papist—a rank papist! He shall be denounced! Mad! Not a farthing shall you get from me, sir. Come along, Blanche. Why do you linger, girl? John—Hal—Thomas! get the carriage—protect me from this murderer! And draw your swords. I must have this madman sworn to keep the peace. Destroy my picture, indeed! Come, Blanche, to Sir Peter.

[Exit Alderman pompously, followed by BLANCHE. The servant enters a moment after, frightened and hurried.

Servant. If you please, Mr. Flower, the young lady who just left with the angry old gentleman, stopped behind to tell me to tell you (foreign gentleman upstairs), that you must never hope to see her face again on earth; never hope to see her face again on earth—twice—that's all she said, if you please.

[Exit. *Giovanni.* So ends a dream sent from heaven to cheer me. There is but one remedy: they say God forbids it; but I know not! My brain wanders! Friend gone—patron gone—love gone—banned from home! Yonder! yes, 'tis the child Jesus; and he hands me a crown of flowers! So, thus I offer myself a fitting victim for the sins of Florence! (*Slabs himself.*) A cloud, like a great white rose, passes the window, and under its leaves I see the angels waiting for me! There is Fra Angelico! and Blanche!

[Dies. *Paolo (entering behind the tall screen that hides the body; sotto voce).* Now for the surprise. He to think I could forsake him who had shared his crust with me in old days at Rome! Angry, too, just when I was starting for the Palace to show the king his grand flower-piece. Four orders! We are in luck, thanks to the kind Killigrew! How quiet he is at work. To think I should wish him to give up flowers, that his genius loves so! Ha! ha! Now for it. (*Steps out, and sees the body.*) Gracious Heaven! how inscrutable are thy workings! —(*Feels his heart.*)—He is dead! Dead!

[Calls for help, and swoons on the body.

ART-DECORATION, A SUITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

WHEN sewing-machines are destroying stitching as a trade, and straw-plaiting is threatened with annihilation, from the ever diminishing size of ladies' bonnets, it cannot be surprising that, among the specialities suggested by the committee of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, employments suitable for females should have held a prominent place. But why employment for women? A woman's position is, or ought to be, essentially domestic. The unerring Record shows us that in ancient Israel a virtuous woman, almost as a matter of course, became a wife—one whom the heart of her husband trusted, because she did him "good," and "not evil"—who looked "well to the ways of her household," and did not eat the "bread of idleness"—whose children rose up around her to "call her blessed;" "her husband also, and he praiseth her." There are what are called "strong-minded" women, above the pleasures of domestic enjoyment; and this strength of mind usually and happily increases with length of days. But the law of population alters not, and as honest Trotty Veck drew meaning from the chimes, so ought we to extract lessons from the well-balanced births of boys and girls. It was not good for man to be alone, and therefore Providence gives the one sex to be care-taker of, the other to be provider for, the household. But this wise arrangement is disturbed. Fleets, standing armies, and wars frustrate the normal law of population, and entail not only the expense of war establishments upon nations, but burdens of destitution, crime, and anxiety, through the natural protectors of so many females being drafted away from the duties of social life, and the full responsibilities of citizenship. Those interested in the proper elevation and development of industries suitable for females may especially long for, and ought earnestly to work for, the time when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; for in no employment can woman be so suitably engaged as in the preparation for, and due discharge of, domestic duties and responsibilities.

But before much can be done for the employment of women in any work higher than drudgery, much more attention must be paid to woman's education; and all must heartily sympathize with the remark of Lord Shaftesbury in his address at Bradford, that, while too much cannot be done for boys, far too little is done for girls, in the matter of common school education. For example: in school-books, to which my attention has recently been turned, among all the books used in the National or Foreign and British schools which have come under my observation—filled as many of them are with admirable lessons for all stages of advancement in learning—I have not found in a dozen different books, half a dozen of lessons which the acutest imagination could show to be directly relative to the duties, responsibilities, or profitable employment of women. There is much, of course, common to both; but while there are hundreds of lessons bearing on the specialities of men, I doubt if there can be pointed out more than one or two bearing on the specialities of women,—even if women could all become wives; and not one bearing upon the women-life of the three or four millions of females who, in this country, are doomed to the felicity of single blessedness. This is educationally and socially a suicidal course towards a class who must be supported by labour, extraneous to the true and proper domestic duties of women; and many of whom, in the form of unwomanly shame, are taking terrible vengeance on society for the neglect of education, and who must, as a matter of necessity, worthily or unworthily support themselves. The attention which has recently been devoted to the subject of female education and employment is, however, most encouraging, and leads to the hope that recognition of defects will be succeeded by palliatives, and ultimately overthrow evils which society has, by neglect, to a large extent inflicted on itself.

In attempting to secure new employments for women, these three conditions, at least—because they are not the only conditions desirable—should be looked on as essential to permanent success, or to more than a temporary diminution of social misery.

First, such employments should not be physically deteriorating, either from their continuously exhaustive character, or from that greater burden imposed by uniform posture, as in sewing. The advantages of this condition are so obvious—although often sadly neglected—that they require no argument.

The second condition is, that employment for women must be based upon strictly commercial principles, yielding the employed sufficient for respectable maintenance, the employer a fair profit on the work done, and, at the same time, supply the public with what is wanted, at a price placing it within the reach of a large class of consumers. It is comparatively easy to find special employment for special individuals, but it is not so easy to find large wants, which either exist or might be created, and which females, otherwise unoccupied, might be specially qualified to supply. And yet there are wants of this character; as, for example, the entire range of paper-hangings manufacture. It is an undoubted fact, that the small number of men who follow this trade in England have signally failed in producing what is wanted; and the consequence is, that nine-tenths of all the best, or even good paper-hangings, used in this country are manufactured in France, and are bought here, at a price which would provide ample remuneration, as well as employment, for thousands of females. Moreover, the qualities which have made English workmen fail in this branch of trade, are precisely those which would enable English women to succeed—their lighter and more delicate manipulation, and more careful attention to detail, being exactly what would remedy the more prominent faults of English as compared with French paper-hangings; and if some of the "strong-minded women" would take possession of this branch of trade for their sex, with something of the same vigour which Florence Nightingale took possession of the hospitals, the British public would soon be constrained to bow before a similar success.

The third condition of successful employment is, that it shall not interfere with the present employment of men. To substitute women's toil for men's, without opening up new sources of employment for the latter, is evidently a social loss, rather than a social gain, inasmuch as the families of the land are dependent on the productive industry of fathers, while unmarried women have only to support themselves; and notwithstanding the strong objections to what are called men-milliners, only one side of this branch is too often looked at, and account is not taken of the fact, that the young men who now stand behind counters in our large towns, are there preparing themselves for becoming the future merchants and shop-keepers of the country. Nor will it do to expect that men shall teach girls, in whom they have no interest, to supersede themselves; and while we may stigmatise as selfishness the decision of the watchmakers of London, and the porcelain painters of Worcester, not to work with women, unless under conditions which rendered women working impossible, these men were only following the instinct of self-preservation. And it may be taken as a settled point, that employments now in the hands of men will not, without a hard struggle, be given up into the hands of women. Nor is it desirable that the sexes should be placed together in workshops; for what would be socially gained in one direction by such arrangements, would be lost in another.

It is not to be expected, nor is it desirable, that one individual should charge himself with the duty of looking after, by endeavouring to provide for, all the unprotected females, and I have no ambition to assume so grave a responsibility. The suggestions contained in this paper shall, therefore, be confined to that comparatively small but interesting portion of middle-class females who have been educated at the government schools of design.

It cannot be concealed that the original expectations formed from those schools have not been realized: some have scattered blame fully and freely over the Department of Science and Art, attributing failure to the unpractical character of the education given; and this class of wise-behindhand prophets now tell us they never supposed that girls could be trained to do what was expected from them. I shall not attempt, as I do not require, to defend the deeds or misdeeds of the Department. The good accomplished almost infinitely overbalances the mistakes committed. The expectation was that girls edu-

cated in schools of design would be able to earn a respectable maintenance as designers, or wood-engravers, or porcelain-painters, or in other similar occupations. These hopes have been frustrated from various causes. Wood-engraving was, at one time, a most feasible suggestion for the employment of women; but what was true fifteen years ago, when wood-engraving was confined to books, has ceased to be so now that it has become an integral portion of the weekly press. That once light and agreeable profession now requires, as a rule, greater power of mental and even physical endurance than women are capable of, and an artistic aptitude which very few men possess. This change of circumstances has dispelled all hope of securing employment from this source for women.

The failure in pattern-drawing has also been caused, to a considerable extent, by what nothing but experience could have satisfactorily developed: and failure here is itself one of the strongest proofs of our national progress in Art-industries; so that instead of being a symptom of the failure of the Department, it may rather be considered one of the strongest evidences of its success. The progress of Art-manufactures has created new demands in the manufactory. While at one period it was enough to get a new design, and have that worked out as best they could, manufacturers now find it essential to pay as strict attention to production as to design; and hence the principal pattern-drawer has not only to design, but to take the superintendence, to a greater or less extent, of those who are to work out the designs produced. Few women have this power of superintendence, and even when possessed, it cannot be successfully exercised over men; so that the great proportion of those who were inclined to give women a fair trial at such work, have been forced to the conclusion that, commercially, men who can design and superintend with authority, are cheaper than women who can only design.

Another cause of failure is found, which applies more to porcelain-painting, japanning, and such trades. In the latter, women had long been employed in the neighbourhood of Birmingham on common work, such as "springing," and lining cheap tea-trays. But girls brought up at the schools of design go out with ideas far above such work and its wages, although, from the want of technical knowledge and manipulative experience, whatever their theoretical knowledge, their labour is commercially of less value; and dissatisfaction on both sides soon separates the master who has been overpaying, and the pupil who considers herself underpaid. This is a difficulty which only time and circumstances will overcome, and which will decrease just in proportion as the population becomes educated in Art and its principles. When those having acquired more or less knowledge cease to be uncommon people, they will naturally come to recognise the commercial relations of supply and demand as the only regulator of wages.

But the greatest source of failure has arisen from the unreasonable expectations formed, engendered by the ardent enthusiasm of some, and the unthinking ignorance of others. It was absurd to expect that any large number of girls should become designers, for the very obvious reason that a good designer is a creator, and those endowed with this faculty have been, and probably always will be, few, both among men and women. More was expected from these girls than was expected from either boys or men; and this arose from a totally fictitious estimate of what education in drawing could produce. The ability to draw is important; but mere power of hand and correctness of eye have the same kind of relation to a good design, that a knife and fork have to a good dinner. They are helps to the use of food, just as drawing is a help to the use of thought; but the thought constitutes the design: and as no schools can do more than aid thinking-power where it exists, schools can teach drawing, but they cannot make designers. Nevertheless, this delusion of making designers has tainted the whole atmosphere of these useful seminaries; and instead of looking at their education as a means of bettering industrial pursuits, it has been more generally fancied by the girls to be a means, through them, of regenerating the national taste. They go to situations not as workers, but as teachers and authorities in Art. The vast majority fail, as a matter of course; and the failure disgusts them, and tarnishes the

fame of the department. The reason of the failure is obvious: the branches which have generally been considered open to them have been such as only high talent could fill; and it is no disgrace for many girls to fail, where so few men succeed. What is wanted for girls, is work in which the knowledge of drawing can be turned to account, according to the capacity possessed, and which shall combine the substantial advantages of trade, with the mental enjoyments of Art; work which shall furnish scope for a dozen different capacities, presenting each with a continual stimulus to progress, and, as a consequence, increased remuneration.

Art-decorations are, therefore, suggested as being peculiarly fitted to give extensive employment to the female pupils of these schools of design, without taking from the labour of men, because decorations in the style proposed are practically and socially unknown among the people of this country. Believing that mere theories on such subjects, unless based on facts, are practically useless, I have reduced this theory to practice, and have ample illustrations to show, so far as first attempts can show, what these girls can do, and how their various degrees of ability may be employed upon strictly commercial principles, at wages reasonably remunerative. There is, first, the rough sketch of the design produced by a few charcoal scratches; then there is the working out of that design in detail, consistent with the general forms; both of which require a combination of thought and skill which only the better class of pupils can produce. But these accomplished, the humbler talents become as available as the higher, and the first operation is to make what is technically called the "pounce," that is, to prick the lines of the detailed drawing, so that, by a little dust or charcoal rubbed over the drawing, the lines may be left on the ceiling or walls sufficiently clear to be followed by a blacklead pencil. This pencilling can also be done by girls of inferior ability, because the design being there they have only to follow it. Then comes what is called the dead colouring, that is, the laying on of flat tints within the pencil marks, and in which keeping within these marks is the chief, almost the only, ability required. Then the forming of the leaves by light and shadow requires higher ability and training; the painting of the flowers, fruit, and birds, still higher attainments; while the figures in the centres present range sufficient for the very highest genius—Raphael and his contemporaries not considering the figures or designs for such decorations beneath the efforts of their lofty intellects. The variety, combined with harmonious unity, of which such decorations are capable, places them infinitely above paper-hangings as style of higher class decoration, while the scope they afford for the exercise both of design and execution, often removes them entirely from the routine of trade to the dignity of Art. They have, moreover, all the sanitary and lasting advantages of oil paintings, combined with that interest and pleasure which artistic manipulation so pre-eminently possesses over mechanical block-printing; while their forms can be adapted to suit any shape, without appearing as parts of broken wholes: the expense to the public being about double that of good French paper-hangings, and the remuneration to the girls being from fifteen to thirty shillings a week.

Practically, a severe test of this suggestion for the employment of these females has been successfully made on the hall ceiling of Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley's house, in London—perhaps the first ceiling in Britain which has been decorated by a lady in the ordinary course of business; and the execution of that work met with the approbation of the heads of the Art department. The work can therefore be done; and an uncultivated field is thus opened for an interesting and remunerative employment for females. The public must determine the extent to which this new ground shall be redeemed from waste. At present there are good reasons for believing that such a branch of industrial Art will prove of inestimable advantage to a considerable class of females who, from their tastes and education, are sure to feel privations more acutely, but to whom the means of self-support have hitherto been closed.

This, and kindred branches of Art industries, deserve attentive consideration from all interested in the extension of female employment.

J. STEWART.

EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE seventh exhibition of the Photographic Society is now open, and, with great unwillingness, we are compelled to declare that we are unable to detect any improvement in any division of this interesting art. There are numerous very beautiful pictures, but they are all at that dead level of excellence which has become wearisome. A few glaring departures from the stereotyped customs of the photographers of the day—even were they examples of failure—would be a great relief.

The Photographic Society has been established for many years, and their Journal has been regularly published since March, 1853. They begin their work with the following paragraph:—"The object of the Photographic Society is the promotion of the *art and science of Photography*, by the interchange of thought and experience among photographers, and it is hoped this object may, to some considerable extent, be effected by the periodical meetings of the society." Let any one examine the work done by the Society in the seven years which have passed—let any one go carefully over the collection of pictures now exhibiting, remembering the promise of former years—we are convinced that their judgment will be in accordance with our own, and that they will declare the Society has failed in every way to fulfil the hopes, upon the strength of which it was started. We believe the cause of this lies somewhat below the surface, and hence it has not been detected in the earlier working of the Society; and the influence has evidently extended itself too thoroughly through the body now for us to entertain any hope of its removal, or of there being any chance for a renovation of a society which might have done much for the advancement of the art and science of photography.

The exhibition of last year was rendered above the average by the collection of photographs from the Cartoons. Those were the striking point of that exhibition; the present one, wanting this, is singularly tame and uninteresting. There are the same exhibitors as before, and a few new ones.

Mr. Roger Fenton exhibits between thirty and forty pictures, all of them fine specimens of photography, and many of them exceedingly beautiful. These pictures are examples of great industry, of the most careful photographic manipulation, and of a true artistic feeling. Mr. C. Thurston Thompson, who devotes himself to the photographic department of the Art-Museum at South Kensington, has contributed copies of the sketches by Raphael and Michael Angelo; of drawings by Holbein and some others, which are evidences of the value of photography as a means of multiplying the works of our greatest masters for the purposes of study. Mr. Alfred Rosling is charming, as usual, in his small but complete pictures. Mr. Lyndon Smith, in his views on the Wharfe, treads close on the heels of Roger Fenton. Mr. Francis Bedford, always good, quite equals any of his former works: there are few things in the exhibition superior to those pictures which are to illustrate a work entitled "The Home tour of the Picturesque and Beautiful." Messrs. Cundall and Downes have two or three very charming photographs; some are, however, to our eyes, objectionable in colour. It is useless particularizing the works of all: as photographs the works deserving of commendation are those of the well known Bisson Frères, of Captain Tupper, of J. M. Mackie, of Lake Price—whose "Romes" are excellent, of John H. Morgan, of V. A. Prout, of Mrs. Verschoyle, of A. J. Melhuish, and of Sykes Ward. There are others who have produced good photographs, but they do not appear to rise in any respect above the level, which is so easily obtained by the Collodion process with a good camera-obscura. Mr. Samuel Fry has attempted a large picture of a heavy sea at Brighton: we cannot but regard this as a failure. The wave rolling on the shore is most imperfectly represented. "Sea and Clouds," by the same photographer, is superior to the other attempt. Mr. Henry P. Robinson has some composition pictures; of these, "Sour Apples" is the only one possessing any merit. The groups are most unartistically arranged, and the photography is of the common order. The exhibition of portraits

is large, and many of them are certainly excellent specimens of the art, and highly recommendatory of the several exhibitors to those who desire faithful resemblances of their friends or of themselves.

Photographs of the finest kind are now so publicly exhibited in the shop windows of our principal streets, that we must urge upon the Photographic Society the importance of their insisting on the production of novelties for their exhibitions. If the Society desires to maintain a respectable position, it must sternly refuse any picture which has been previously exhibited; and it should abandon the very objectionable plan of putting in their catalogue the prices at which the photographs are to be sold. There are 586 photographs named in the catalogue; of this number about one-half have the selling price printed, and the large majority of those not so priced are advertisements of individuals or companies who live by taking photographic portraits. The profession is a most honourable one, and one which calls upon the mind of the artist for the exercise of some of its best functions. We have the highest respect for all, an especial friendship for some, but we do contend that a Society honoured by having the Queen and the Prince Consort for Patrons, and the Lord Chief Baron for President, should not allow their exhibition-room to be converted into a shop. We have heard the Royal Academy and the Water-Colour exhibitions quoted in defence: we have never seen the selling price of a picture in the Royal Academy catalogue. But there is no parallel between the sale privately of a picture, which has been the labour of months, or it may be of years, and the sale of photographs, which can be multiplied at will, and of which the finest specimens by Mr. Roger Fenton are ticketed at 12s. This must be altered, or the Photographic Society may rest assured that each exhibition will become less and less attractive, and it will learn that, as a Society, it has lost its vocation, since it does not attend to "the promotion of the art and science of photography."

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM CHARLES ROSS, R.A.

THE ranks of the older Academicians are being gradually thinned; and thus the removal of those who have long shed a glory on the British school of Art opens up a pathway to the younger members of the profession, whose duty it will be to maintain its honour and efficiency. Within a few months Leslie and James Ward have been taken away, and now we have to record the loss of the courtly and estimable miniature-painter Ross. His absence, for the future, will not be missed in those rooms of the Royal Academy where the large canvases of the historical, the *genre*, and the landscape-painter attract the visitor; but in that smaller apartment, in which ladies love "most to congregate," the vacant spaces occasioned by his death will long be felt and regretted.

The health of Sir William Ross had long been in a precarious state, causing great anxiety to his many friends. About three years since a severe attack of paralysis utterly prostrated both body and mind, and although after a considerable time he so far recovered as to enable him to pursue his avocations at intervals—more, however, as an amusement than as a serious occupation—it was quite evident to all that his life's work was done; mental and physical faculties were both too much disarranged and shattered to admit even a hope of restoration. The last time we saw him—about two months since—he was standing, leaning on the arm of an attendant, on the footpath in the Strand, waiting a favourable opportunity to cross, for his step was slow and feeble. We stopped and conversed with him for a few minutes, but it was painful exceedingly to witness how complete a wreck disease had rendered that once bright and cheerful face, that unassuming, yet dignified demeanour, and that intelligent mind. The personal appearance and bearing of Sir William Ross were strictly in harmony with his knightly order: he was a courtier in the best sense of the term. His death took place on the 20th of January.

He was born in London, in 1794; his father was

a miniature-painter and drawing-master of considerable repute, and in good practice; his mother, also a clever artist, was a sister of the late Mr. Anker Smith, Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, whose book-plates, from the designs of Smirke and others, are much esteemed: one of his best large engravings is from Northcote's "Death of Wat Tyler," executed for Boydell's edition of Shakespeare. Inheriting thus from his parents an inclination towards Art, young Ross early made it his study, and, as he grew up, his success was evidenced, in a most remarkable way; for few, if any, artists of his time succeeded in obtaining so many testimonials of honour. At the age of ten he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, his first efforts being directed to historical subjects; when only thirteen years of age he received from the Society of Arts the small silver palette, for a copy, in chalk, of his uncle's engraving, "The Death of Wat Tyler"; and in the following year, 1808, the silver medal, and the sum of twenty pounds, from the same Society, for an original drawing, the subject, "The Judgment of Solomon"; and again, in 1809, the large silver palette, for a miniature of "Venus and Cupid." In 1810 he once more had awarded to him the silver medal, and twenty pounds, for an original drawing, "Samuel presented to Eli"; in the year following another silver medal for an original drawing, "The Triumph of Germanicus," and a gold medal for a miniature of the Duke of Norfolk. In 1817 he gained the gold medal for the best historical painting, "The Judgment of Brutus," and the Academy's silver medal for a drawing of an "Academical study." Such a succession of prizes has fallen to the lot of few Art-students.

Though there seemed every prospect of his attaining eminence in historical painting,—for he had in the early part of his career exhibited several oil-pictures, such as "The Judgment of Solomon," "Samuel presented to Eli," "The Judgment of Brutus," "Christ casting out Devils,"—Sir William Ross determined to abandon the higher walk of Art for the more lucrative practice of portraits and miniatures, the latter especially. What the result has been the world of aristocracy knows in its possessions, and the world outside that limited but magic circle knows in what it has seen in the Academy. Ross held the same position with respect to miniatures that Lawrence did with reference to portraits in oil. The studios of each were visited by the rank and fashion of the country; and among royal personages who sat to him, some of them more than once, may be mentioned the Queen and the Prince Consort, Queen Adelaide, the Duchess of Kent, the late Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Leiningen, Prince Ernest, and Prince Edward of Leiningen, several of the younger members of the Royal Family, the Duke and the Duchess of Saxe Coburg, the Princesses of Saxe Weimar, the King and Queen of the Belgians, King Louis Philippe and his royal Consort, with many of the junior members of their family. About ten years since we were staying for a short time in the same hotel with him in Paris, where he was engaged on some commissions for the Emperor of the French. As to his other works, a complete list of them would probably embrace, if not a large majority, certainly a very influential portion, of the names which appear in the *Conti Calendar*. We know that up to the year 1849 his list of portraits reached 2050; and from that time, to the period when he was unhappily attacked by the malady which has resulted in his death, he was as much, if not more, occupied as at any former time.

The miniatures by this artist are exquisite examples of this class of works; their charm lies in their supreme grace and delicacy. Others may surpass him in power of expression, but in elegance of treatment, in truth, and in purity of colour, he had no rival. His portraits of females are especially beautiful, and remarkable for every quality that constitutes the refinements of Art. Out of his studio, too, Sir William Ross was one to attract respect and admiration; of wianing manners, kind, gentle, and simple-minded, his presence was ever like sunshine in the domestic and social circle; while his benevolence was of that nature which refused to let his left hand know what his right hand dealt out: and it may be mentioned, as evidence of his high Christian character and of his desire to do good by every means in his power, that for many years he was early in attendance in the schoolroom attached to Percy

Episcopal Chapel, of which the Rev. Robert Montgomery was formerly minister, taking his class in the Sunday-school. Surely such a man was not only an ornament to his profession, but to society also. He was never married.

In 1838 Ross was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and, in 1842, Academician; the same year the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. When, in 1843, the "Cartoon" exhibition took place in Westminster Hall, he was one of ten artists, selected by the judges, who received a premium of £100 each, as exhibiting works which were considered worthy of reward. The original government offer of premiums of this amount was five only; but there were so many works deemed equal in merit, that ten others were named in addition. The subject of Ross's cartoon was "The Angel Raffaele discoursing with Adam"; the composition showed that if the artist had applied himself to historical painting, he would have attained a high position.

ART-GALLERY AND MUSEUM FOR MANCHESTER.

MR. FAIRBAIRN, of Manchester, has, in a local paper, made a bold proposition to the wealthy classes of the great manufacturing districts; but it is one which the known liberality of the men of Manchester, in matters which interest them, fully justifies. Mr. Fairbairn desires to see in that city an Art-Gallery and Museum, which, if it do not rival our metropolitan institution, shall, at least, be second only to it; and such a building, he estimates, may be erected for the sum of £100,000—a mere *bagatelle*, we assume, to the cotton-lords, of whom a hundred could be named, who might write a cheque for £1000, and scarcely, if at all, miss it from their exchequers at the end of the year. At any rate, if there be the will, the amount asked for could easily be raised in the locality. The scheme is outlined in the following extract from the letter in question:—"The proposed institution, if we would have it command the attention of the masses, and deserve the patronage of the wealthy and those who have works of Art to give away, must be no puny and purely local affair, but must attain a national importance from its extent and largeness of design. Its situation should be central and convenient, without spending too large a proportion of the general fund by which it would have to be raised in the purchase of land; and if it were possible to carry out the scheme in connection with some much-needed improvement in the main thoroughfares of the city, it might be regarded with a still wider interest, and receive, perhaps, a more general support and assistance. In the first instance, it would be necessary to secure a plot of land containing not less than 6000 or 8000 square yards. This area would suffice for the ultimate requirements of the gallery, in the event of it being possible to erect in the first instance only a portion of the whole building; but it can scarcely be doubted, that public liberality will raise such a fund as will permit a complete and commodious structure to be finished at once, and that, with characteristic self-reliance, we shall not be contented with half measures. We now possess the experience of what well lighted and properly decorated picture and sculpture galleries should be, and there need therefore be no waste of money in experimental investigations and frequent failure. Rooms or saloons, with a floor area of 3000 square yards, would give ample space for the proper arrangement of the largest collections of pictures and drawings of the ancient and modern schools, and would permit also, if desired, a chronological and historical arrangement of the works of the several masters. In addition, there should be corridors for works in sculpture, both original works and copies of the famous statues and groups which adorn the various capitals and cities of Europe—the collection of casts at Sydenham proving that the formation of such an instructive collection is not only possible, but comparatively easy. It might further be found to be exceedingly advantageous and interesting, to devote one extensive hall to the portraiture of Lancashire worthies and local benefactors;—a Hall of Fame, where aspiring youth might muse upon the features of the mighty dead, where one could claim a kind of acquaintance with the men whose genius and inventions had not only created industries, but built up empires; and with the illustrious men and women, who, as authors or artists, philosophers or philanthropists, had shed a lustre upon the places of their birth." The project, as we stated at the outset, is a bold one, but it is perfectly within the compass of Manchester. We shall look hopefully for its further development.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART VII.—RAFFAELLE—No. 2.

1618

In the last notice of the works of Raffaello in Rome, we concluded our remarks with a description of his fresco of the 'Dispute of the Sacrament'; the next to which we would call attention is the 'Philosophy,' or as it is more generally called, the 'School of Athens,' of which an engraving appears on this page. The composition shows an extraordinary advance over the preceding work, both in the poetical feeling manifested, and in its freedom from the restrictive conventionalities of the school of Perugino. The spectator is carried into the midst of one of those assemblies of Greek philosophers, which Athens, in the zenith of fame, was wont to see in her academies of learning. The hall wherein masters and scholars have met, is not, indeed, of Grecian architecture, but seems as if designed by Bramante, or some contemporary Roman architect. In this picture, as in the other, there is a division in the composition; but the separation is scarcely apparent, much less is it *felt*, for it is more a separation of the building—and this only by a few steps—than of the groups which have assembled therein. Among the distant figures—those representing the school of the higher philosophy—Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre, in earnest converse or disputation; Plato, the representative of Speculative Philosophy, is pointing towards heaven; Aristotle, as the founder of Ethical and Physical Philosophy, points towards the earth. At each side, and receding into the extreme background, numerous figures are grouped as listeners: on the left is Socrates, explaining his doctrines to Alcibiades and other disciples. Reclining on the steps, and keeping aloof from his brethren of the schools, is the cynic Diogenes; a youth, under the guidance of an old

man, turns from him to the teachers of a higher philosophy. In the left foreground is Pythagoras, as the head of Arithmetic, writing on his knee; several of his scholars, among whom is Empedocles, are around him; one of them holds a tablet inscribed with a musical scale: a youthful figure, arrayed in a white mantle and with his hand in his breast, who stands a little behind the old philosopher, is said to be a portrait of Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., and the friend and patron of Raffaello. In the right foreground is Archimedes, as the head of Geometry, tracing a geometrical problem on a tablet lying on the ground—the artist has painted a portrait of Bramante, as the representative of the old Greek; around him are several graceful figures, watching the progress of the drawing; the young man kneeling, and calling the attention of another to the work, is Federigo, Duke of Mantua. Behind this group are the respective representatives of Astronomy and Geography, Zoroaster and Ptolemy, one holding a celestial, and the other a terrestrial, globe; the philosophers are in the act of addressing two persons who seem just to have entered the school: they are portraits of Raffaello, and his master Perugino.

When we consider the period at which this work was painted, one is struck with astonishment at the beauty and grandeur of the composition, its masterly arrangement, the variety, dignity, and grace of the individual figures, and their manifest connection with the principal action of the picture. The learning it shows is also extraordinary, for the characters of these old Greek philosophers are almost as evident in the portraits as if each had actually sat to the painter; and yet, as De Quincey remarks, "time had not then enlarged the treasures of archaeology. We cannot, indeed, too highly admire the sort of divination on the part of the genius which could revive with so much truth, and in attitudes so noble and expressive, Aristotle and Plato, Socrates and Diogenes, Chrysippus, Epicurus, and many others. They are figures and countenances which antiquity itself would not disown. To appreciate all the merit of this kind of divination, we must carry ourselves back to the epoch at which Raffaello executed the composition. This is the true test." The same writer then goes on to remark, that the painter had no kind of model before him for the class, style, and



PHILOSOPHY, OR THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

invention of his painting of the 'School of Athens.' No one among his predecessors could have inspired him with the least idea for it; and—which is very remarkable—none have since equalled him in what we may call the *ideal* of such a subject. The style of the composition has continued to keep its place in the opinion of artists; while, notwithstanding the light that has been thrown, during the last three centuries, upon the manners, customs, and personal appearance of the old Greeks, the figures of many of the personages here represented have continued to be deemed classic, "even by the side of those which the chisel of the Greeks has transmitted to us—in so high a degree was Raffaello gifted with the power of divining antiquity." The original cartoon of this composition, with some slight variations, is still preserved in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan.

A few words must suffice for descriptions of Raffaello's two other large frescoes, in the saloon *della Segnatura*, to which reference was made in the last chapter, the pictures of 'Poetry,' and 'Jurisprudence.' The former, of semicircular shape, is painted above, and partly on each side of, a window; in the upper part appear, seated on Mount Parnassus, and beneath some laurel trees, Apollo and the Muses, accompanied by an assemblage of Greek, Roman,

and Italian poets. Apollo is seated in the centre, playing a violin; on his right are, Homer reciting verses, which a youth is hurriedly writing down, Virgil, and Dante clothed in a red robe and crowned with laurel; near these is another figure crowned also with laurel, and looking as if it were a portrait of the artist. Below these, on the left side of the window, is a group of lyric poets, among whom is Sappho holding a book which bears her name, and in conversation with Petrarch, Corinna, Ovid, and Propertius. On the opposite side of the window is seated the venerable form of Pindar, talking to Horace and some other poet; the upper and lower groups respectively symbolize epic and lyric poetry. The composition, generally, is fine, but is decidedly of a more formal character than the 'Philosophy'; this, however, may probably be accounted for by the peculiar shape of the wall which the artist had to cover. The faces, too, of the figures have not that expressive beauty and sweetness—though many of them are females—which are apparent in the other. 'Jurisprudence,' placed, like 'Poetry,' over and on each side of a window, is represented in three compartments. The portion immediately above the window has three large sitting female figures; the centre one personifies Prudence, on each side of which respectively are Fortitude and Temperance. The head of

Prudence shows two faces—one that of a youthful female, the other of a bearded old man—in allusion to her power of knowing both the future and the past. Fortitude is personified as an armed woman in a bold attitude, holding a sprig of oak in one hand, and resting the other on a lion; Temperance has a bridle in her hand: figures of genii, beautiful in expression, fill up the spaces between. In one of the two spaces formed by the insertion of the window, the Emperor Justinian is represented delivering the Pandects to Tribonianus; and in the other, Gregory XI., seated on the papal throne, is giving the Decretals to a consistorial advocate; thus symbolizing the two divisions of civil and ecclesiastical law. This fresco, taken as a whole, is far less important than the others, but the figures give evidence of a very marked progress in manner and style.

We shall now recur to the consideration of three of Raffaelle's pictures, engravings from which appeared in our former article. We forebore to notice them at the time, from a desire not to break the thread of the painter's early history; they must now be taken not so much in the order of their dates, as for the sake of convenience, they are arranged on the pages.

The first of these is the 'Di FOLIGNO,' (vide p. 14, ante), as it is called generally; a grand picture, painted about the same period as the saloon *della Segnatura*, namely, between the years 1511 and 1513. It was a commission from Sigismondo Conti, private secretary to Julius II., for the Church of *Ara Cæli*, at Rome, but was afterwards transferred to the convent of the Contesse at Foligno—hence its name: it is now in the apartment of the Vatican which contains Domenichino's celebrated picture of 'The Communion of St. Jerome,' and Raffaelle's 'Transfiguration.' The upper part of the composition shows the Virgin with the infant Jesus, throned on clouds in a nimbus, and surrounded by angels; on the right side is the figure of Conti, kneeling and with his folded hands raised, as if in the act of imploring the favour of the holy Mother; behind him stands St. Jerome, resting a hand on the head of the pope's secretary, and commanding him to the care of the Virgin. On the opposite side is St. Francis, also kneeling and looking upward; he points with one hand, as it would seem, to some object out of the picture, for whom he too is asking protection; behind him is John the Baptist directing the attention of some one, not introduced into the composition, to the Madonna. In the centre of this lower group is a young boy holding a tablet, and in the distance a representation of the city of Foligno, on which a thunderbolt is descending; above it is a rainbow, "no doubt," says Kügler, "in allusion to some danger and miraculous preservation, in remembrance of which the picture was dedicated." The idea of the subject seems to be an invocation of the Virgin on behalf of a doomed city. The picture is one of Raffaelle's most successful examples of the expression of character; each figure manifests this quality of the artist's genius. The Virgin is exquisitely beautiful, and the Conti is an admirable, life-like portrait; and St. Jerome, although an ideal representation, possesses the attributes of truth. The attitude and supplicatory prayer; while of the Baptist, Vasari's comment may be with propriety quoted:—

"We recognise him by his attenuated frame, the result of penitence and long fasting: his countenance, the mirror of his soul, announces that frankness and abruptness of manner usual with those who flee the world, and who, if ever they appear in it, manifest themselves the enemies of all dissimulation." This picture was carried to Paris by the French towards the close of the last century, and received some injury from retouching, it was also transferred from panel to canvas.

The next work which engages our attention is 'THE PROPHET ISAIAH' (vide

p. 15, ante); it is a fresco painted in the Church of St. Agostino, on the third pilaster on the left hand. This picture, as well as those of the Sybils and Prophets, in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, has been the subject of much controversy, arising chiefly from a reference made by Vasari, who says that, "By the sight of Michel Angelo's productions, Raffaelle improved his manner very greatly, and gave it far more majesty." Some traditions—for the statements must be considered as little else—assert that Raffaelle had painted the subject in his own style; but having afterwards gained a stealthy admission into the Sistine Chapel, where his venerable rival was engaged on some similar compositions, he entirely effaced his own work, and repainted it after the manner of Michel Angelo. Luigi Crespi, son of the painter Spagnoletti, writes:—"I must confess that when I saw 'the Prophet Isaiah,' I stood amazed, and should have assigned it to Michel Angelo, from the grandeur of the style, and the daring freedom—the dash—of the outlines." The utmost, it may be presumed, which can be made of the charge of plagiarism is, that Raffaelle had seen the works of Michel Angelo, and in this particular instance, perhaps, they had influenced his manner in a greater degree than ordinary: Vasari's statement does not imply more. That, in the 'Isaiah,' Raffaelle had profited by what he saw in the Sistine Chapel, few who know his frescoes in the S. Maria della Pace, which are indisputably his own, will be disposed to admit. The 'Isaiah' is a bold composition, but it has neither the majestic grandeur of Michel Angelo, nor the grace of the painter's own feeling: it is a comparatively exaggerated figure as regards attitude, and is devoid of interesting expression; still it is the great object of attraction in the church wherein it is placed.

The third engraving introduced into our last notice, we desire now to refer to, is the large print, engraved on steel, from the picture of 'BEARING THE CROSS,' usually known among connoisseurs as *Le Spasimo della Sicilia*, from the circumstance of its having been exequed for the monastery of Santa Maria della Spasimo, at Palermo. This picture is now in the Museum of Madrid, and therefore does not strictly come under the head of "Rome, and her Art-treasures;" but it is among the *chef-d'œuvre* of Raffaelle, and, as such, needs no apology for being introduced here. This really noble picture has, to quote De Quincey, who follows Menga, "undergone extraordinary vicissitudes. The vessel that was carrying it from Rome to Palermo, after beating about in a violent tempest on the coast of



THE VIOLIN PLAYER.

Italy, was wrecked, and the crew and cargo alike perished. A sort of miracle alone saved the picture: the case inclosing it, driven by the waves to the coast of Genoa, was picked up, and carried ashore. On opening it, the picture was found uninjured, untouched, the water not having penetrated to it. Intelligence of the fact reaching Palermo, an immediate demand was instituted for the shipwrecked painting; but it needed all the influence of Leo X. to obtain its restoration to the convent, the brotherhood of which, after all, had to pay a large additional sum by way of salvage. Subsequently, Philip IV., having caused the picture to be secretly carried off, sent it to Spain, and indemnified the monastery *della Spasimo* for the loss of its treasure, by an annuity of one thousand crowns. Afterwards taken to Paris, by the effect of the wars of 1810, it was transferred to canvas in 1816, and finally returned to Spain."

This picture belongs to Raffaelle's later period, and is distinguished by all the excellencies of his matured genius: the affecting event represented is most skilfully and feelingly developed, and the grouping arranged according to the highest principles of composition. The procession which accompanies the Saviour to Calvary has reached a turn in the road, where he is borne down on his knees by the heavy weight of the cross; but he still clings to the burden,

with an expression of resignation on his face, that seems an utterance of his own words—"The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The head and the upper part of his body are turned towards his sorrowing female friends and followers, whom he commands not to weep for him, but for their children, whose doom he prophesies in the coming destruction of Jerusalem: in no one of his compositions did Raffaele carry to such a height of allusive force the expression of every shade of grief, as in these figures. In the immediate foreground of the picture is an athletic man, endeavouring, with rude force, to raise the fallen sufferer; Simon of Cyrene, who has met the procession, turns angrily towards the other, and stoops to relieve Christ from the weight of the cross, which another of the unfeeling Jews is pressing down. Every part of the picture is worthy of the closest study; for, as Kugler remarks, "there is not a single detail, which might not be made the subject of eulogy. For instance, after the mind and the feeling have exhausted their commendations of the principal feature, the critical examination of the accessories would develop for our admiration the manner in which the glittering cuirass of the centurion who commands the soldiers is, with an exquisite nicety of truth, made to reflect, as in a mirror, the objects which come within its range."

Resuming our notice of the works of Raffaele engraved in the present number, the 'VIOLIN-PLAYER' next claims consideration. It is inscribed with the date 1518, and is now in the Palazzo Sciarra, an edifice that was not erected till nearly a century after the picture was painted. The collection of pictures is not large, but those it contains are generally of a very high order; many of them were formerly in the celebrated Barberini Gallery. There is a most beautiful 'Madonna and Child,' by Titian; Leonardo da Vinci's—or, at least, presumed to be his—'Vanity and Modesty'; and some fine landscapes by Claude and Both. The 'Violin-Player' is a glorious portrait, notwithstanding the flesh tints have lost somewhat of their brilliancy by age; the expression of the face is highly intellectual, but grave. The figure holds the bow of a violin and a sprig, or wreath, of laurel in his hand: the details, especially the hair, and the fur on the cloak, are delicately painted. The picture has sometimes been taken for a portrait of the painter: it bears a slight resemblance to Raffaele, and that is all that can be said.

The allegorical figure of 'TRUTH' is a fine, significant representation, perfectly

Raffaellesque in character: she is seated in an open landscape, the composition of which shows little of that stiffness of manner apparent in the works of most of the painters of that period. On her head she wears a helmet of fanciful yet picturesque form; in her left hand is a mirror, in which she is surveying herself, as if acting out the advice of the old Greek philosopher, *γνωθε σεαυτον*; her right grasps a serpent, which has coiled itself round the upper part of the arm—the serpent is emblematical of Wisdom, a virtue closely allied with Truth; and, lastly, a kind of mailed corslet shields her breast from any darts that may be hurled against it, for she is a mark peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the host of vices which the sins and follies of mankind set in array against her. The idea is thus most appropriately carried out through the entire design.

The Church of S. Maria della Pace, built by Sixtus IV., in 1487, contains the fresco which forms the subject of the next engraving. This noble composition is placed over the arch of the first chapel, on the right hand, as the church is entered. It represents the four Sibyls,—the Cumæan, Persian, Phrygian, and Tiburtine,—surrounded by angels: the precise date of the work has not been determined, but it is supposed to be about 1512-13. This fresco has the character of being one of Raffaele's most perfect productions, whether with reference to the arrangement of the entire group, or to the design of each separate figure, none of which show any resemblance to the presumed imitative figure of Isaiah, of which we have just spoken. The rich banker of Rome, Agostino Chigi, to whom the chapel belonged, is said to have consulted Michel Angelo as to the price Raffaele ought to be paid for these works: the latter replied, that "every head was worth a hundred crowns;" a very considerable sum in those days. Certainly this was not estimating them beyond their value, for "conceptions more noble, more graceful, more religion-breathing than those of his 'Sibyls,' Raffaele never presented. The grace, the beauty, the variety of costume, exactly correspond

with the elevation of character and the high thoughts of which they are the sensible expression." No fair comparison can be made between these and similar pictures by Michel Angelo: they have the grace and sweetness which belong to Raffaele alone, and which his great rival, whose excellencies are of quite another order, never sought after. This distinction has been well drawn by De Quincy, who remarks:—"So far from Raffaele having imitated or



TRUTH.



FRESCO IN THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA PACE.

borrowed anything from the Sibyls and Prophets of Michel Angelo, it might fairly be said that, influenced by a wholly contrary inspiration, he had proposed to himself to exhibit in all the parts of his work precisely those features which were deficient in the representations of his predecessor—the nobleness of form, the divinity of character, the beauty of feature, the fitness of detail. In fact, the two geniuses whom we have so often occasion to compare, when we associate the

names they immortalized, had really nothing in common between them. The germ of their respective talents was wholly different, and necessarily produced different fruits." It should be mentioned here that Raffaele—or, according to some writers, Timoteo della Vite, from drawings by the former—painted several of the Prophets on the wall above the Sibyls. It requires but little analytical examination to discover wherein these figures by Raffaele differ from

those of the great Florentine: the distinction is obvious in the extreme elegance—the only term, perhaps, that can be legitimately applied to them—of their attitudes, in the spiritual beauty of their faces, and in the flowing richness of the draperies, with their ample but delicate foldings. The angels who hold the tablets to be written on, or read, by the Sybils, are exquisitely composed, and the flight of the others is wonderfully aerial and graceful. The fresco has unfortunately been injured in some of its most important parts, rendering restoration absolutely necessary: this was effected a few years since with considerable success.

The engraving on this page, and also that in the preceding article, on page 16, are portions of the ornamental decorations, painted by Raffaello, his pupils, and assistants, in the arched gallery of the Vatican, called the *Cortile delle Loggie*, and sometimes *Le Loggie di Raffaello*. This style of ornamentation is known generally under the name of *Arabesque*, a word of French origin, and applied thus because the mode of enriching architecture in this way was practised by the Moors and Arabians in their own country, and when they held possession of a portion of Spain; this people, doubtless, borrowed the idea from the monuments of Egypt.

It was stated in the former notice that, through the influence of the architect Bramante, Raffaello was introduced to the pontifical court of Julius II.; but before the artist had completed little more than half the works of the second hall of the Vatican,—that is, the apartment which contains the *Stanza di Heliodorus*, to be noticed hereafter,—Bramante died. Julius had also passed away, and the next pontiff, Leo X., commissioned Raffaello, as the successor of Bramante—who had, at the time of his death, scarcely laid the foundations of the arcades of the *Cortile delle Loggie*—to complete their erection. Raffaello carried them up three stages, or rows of galleries, one above another, forming a triple portico, of which the two lower stories are supported by pilasters, and the third by columns; but the only portion completed by the great artist himself is that facing the city; the others were executed by succeeding artists, chiefly from his designs. We must, however, reserve till a future opportunity—in order to leave space for a few remarks upon the large picture from which an engraving is introduced here—any observations having reference to these extraordinary and renowned ornamental compositions: such an opportunity will occur when we offer to our readers other illustrations copied from them.

The picture in question is one of Raffaello's most celebrated paintings, and is known as the 'MADONNA DI SAN SISTO': it was executed as an altar-piece for the monastery of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza, but is now in the royal collection at Dresden, and in an apartment where there is no other work of Art to distract the attention of the visitor, an honour which it most certainly merits; for it is not only one of his greatest works of this class—perhaps there is not another that, in all respects, would bear comparison with it—but it is one of his latest, and is presumed to be entirely by his own hand. The sum of £8000 is said to have been paid for it in 1753, when taken to Dresden, by Augustus III., then Elector of Saxony. This picture belongs to that class of

religious compositions—the Madonnas and Holy Families—of which Raffaello left so large a number, all of them having, in a greater or less degree, the characteristics of high and holy feeling.

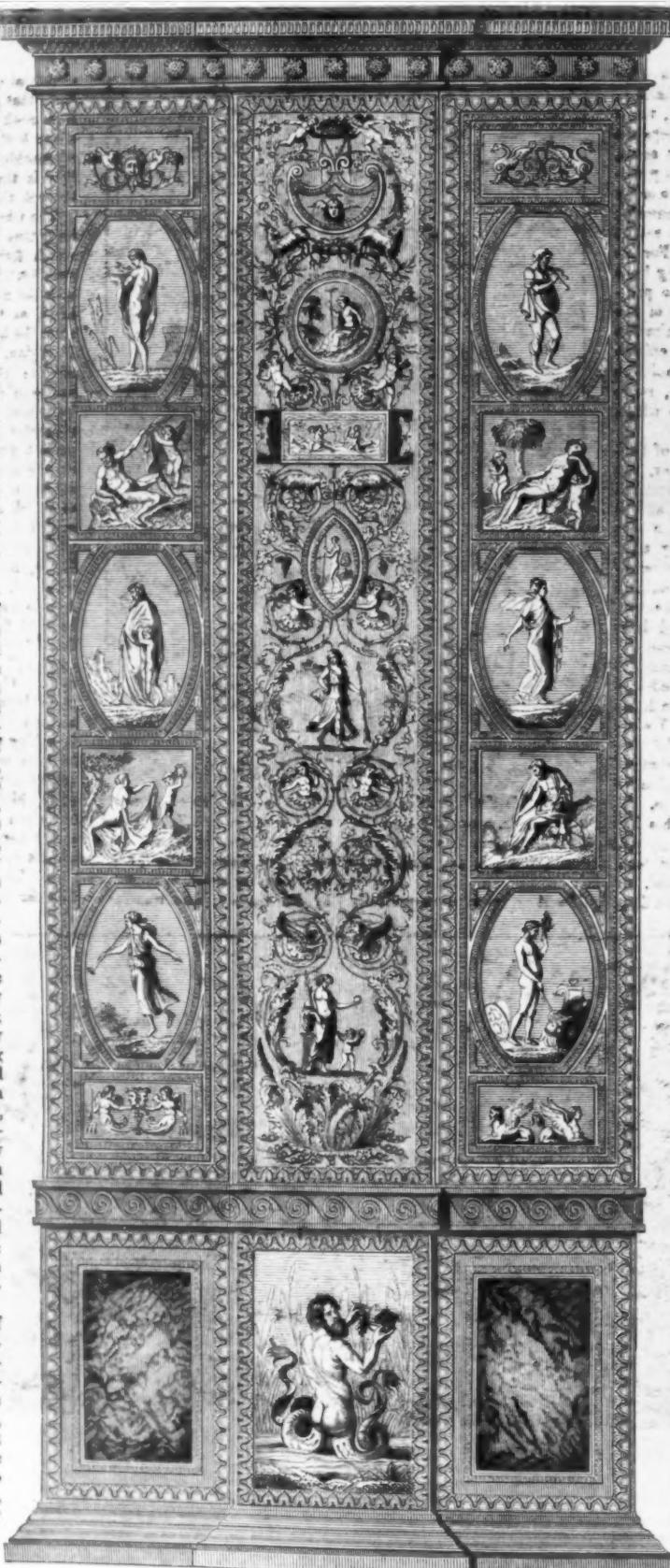
"In his youth," Kugler remarks,

"he seems to have been fond of this class of subjects, and if his earliest works of this kind bear the impress of a dreamy, sentimental fancy, and the later ones of a cheerful conception of life, the works of his third period form the happiest medium between cheerfulness and dignity, between innocent playfulness and a deep penetration of the spirit of his subject. They are conceived with a graceful freedom, so delicately controlled, that it appears always guided by the finest feeling for the laws of Art." In the faces of his Madonnas there is ever that refined and elevated expression which is significant of something not of the earth, and yet it is mingled with another expression that links the mother to the rest of the human family: conscious of the favour bestowed on her as having given birth to the "holy child Jesus," sensible as she is of the honour for which Jewish matrons in all ages prayed and longed for since the Divine promise went forth, still Mary, the Virgin, in Raffaello's pictures, is a beautiful reality.

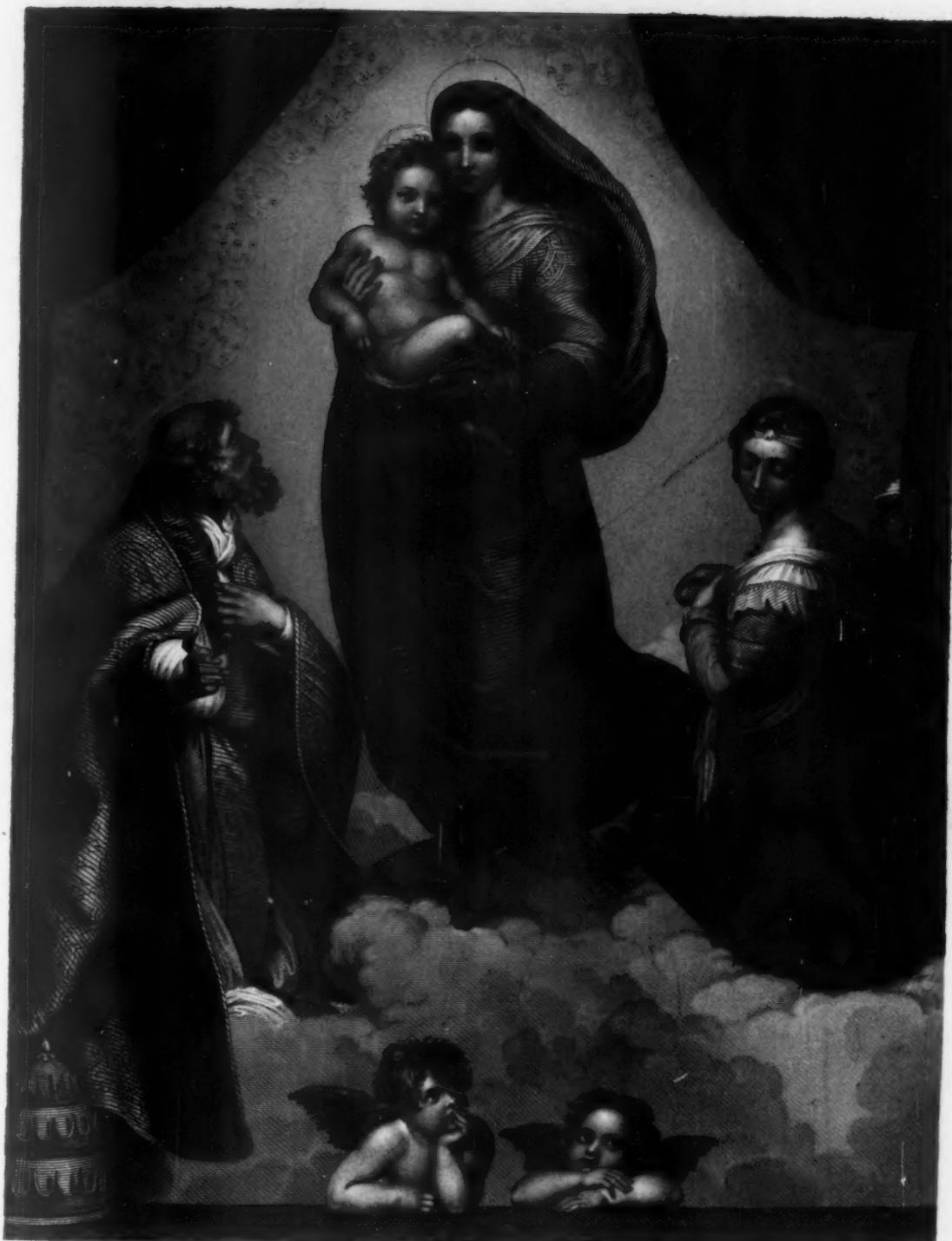
The 'Madonna di San Sisto' is represented standing on the clouds, with the Infant in her arms, surrounded by a glory of angelic heads; St. Sixtus and Sta. Barbara kneel at her feet: on each side a curtain has been drawn back, as if to reveal to the spectator the splendid scene behind. The composition is as simple as it is graceful; the face of the Virgin is solemnly impressive and very lovely, full of repose and tenderness: She holds, in a natural and easy position, the young child, whose countenance, though infantine, has a meaning of deep and serious import, very different from the faces of the angel-children below, with whose cheerful, innocent, and almost arch expression, it forms a striking contrast. The face of the infant Jesus could never provoke a smile; those of the children below, would, by their winning sweetness and *naïveté*, have the power to do so: and thus the power of Raffaello's genius is felt in the true and natural expression he has given to each respectively. Sta. Barbara is a beautiful conception, her attitude and expression are both suggestive of devotion; but there is far more of earthly feeling in her countenance than in that of the Virgin. St. Sisto, or Pope Sixtus, is regarding with awe and astonishment the holy Mother and her Son; his hand is pointing out of the picture, as if invoking a blessing upon some object which is not seen by the spectator: the figure is distinguished by its dignity and veneration of feeling. Whatever passage of this glorious work is examined, it everywhere shows the highest qualities of the painter's mind, and of his art, in sentiment, in drawing, and in arrangement. It is one of "the world's pictures," long-renowned in

Art-story, and right worthy of all the encomiums that critics and connoisseurs have pronounced upon it. Time, unhappily, has robbed it of much of its bloom, and has rendered the fine gold dim; an attempt to renovate and restore it, in 1827, did not prove altogether unsuccessful.

J. DAFFORNE.



ARABESQUE PILASTER IN THE VATICAN.



Raphael.

W. Holl.

MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.

5 MI 60

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

At the opening of each successive season the taste for small pictures manifests itself with increased distinctness. Not only in this exhibition, but in every other, small pictures grow in number year by year; and the fact has a particular significance, as indicating not only the direction of public taste, but in an eminent degree the *status* of those by whom the taste is cultivated. Large pictures are suitable only for large rooms, in which small ones are either lost, or look entirely disproportioned to the spaces in which they hang. With some exceptions, the patricians of our land have ceased to patronize Art; they have inherited their collections of ancient masters, and the "rawness" of modern works does not harmonize with old pictures. It is, therefore, for small rooms that these small compositions are painted; and inasmuch as the very limitation of their abiding places brings them near the eye, they must be worked out with minute and curious finish. And in their wide distribution these small works are found in localities wherein a taste for Fine Art would not be suspected to exist. On the walls of the British Institution we look in vain for even one example of the so-called "high Art," the boast of poor Haydon, and the lament of the ghosts of contemporary critics. All is now what Fuseli used to call *negative art*—it is *genre passim*. We have been accustomed to feel assured that there was ever a reserve of high Art force for special occasions. When it was necessary to decorate the New Houses of Parliament the men were not wanting, but time has shown us that the best of them had yet to educate themselves up to their work. It is certain that we cannot soar *impromptu* either into history or immortal verse. When Haydon could refrain from speaking of himself there was more truth in his severity of language, in reference to what he called historical art, than in all that Stewart Newton said in contemptuous derogation of the necessity of a certain qualification to paint "high Art." A man accustomed to paint small pictures paints a large picture in a small way. It may be thought that pre-Raphaelite Art has promoted the high finish of small pictures; it may have done so, to a certain extent, but much more has minute manipulation been insisted on by the uneducated eye, which appreciates finish more immediately than sentiment or effect. In small rooms small canvases are at once precipitated on the eye, which is flattened by prettiness and easy narrative. The painting of the present day is the light reading of the art, and light reading has ever been the most popular form both of art and literature. With the exception, then, of history and poetry, we find in the six hundred and forty-nine works in the present exhibition an ingenious variety, embracing examples of a wide cycle of legitimate subject-matter. Of figure and head painting there are some illustrious instances; in landscape there are masterly essays; some of the marine and animal pictures are unexceptionable; and the grotesque abounds; but we miss from accustomed places the works of men who have been associated with the institution time out of mind. We see no picture by any member of the Academy; of the associates there are but two or three whose names occur in the catalogue, and their works are of a subordinate character. Very recently, Roberts, Stanfield, Creswick, F. Goodall, and other notabilities in honours, have enriched these walls with works which were qualified to be accounted among their best; and of a large class of distinguished men unconnected with the Academy—Sant, Faed, Le Jeune, &c., are "conspicuous" by their absence. Of the many effects of the supposed transition state of the

Academy, this is perhaps one. At this moment more strenuous exertions are put forth for the distinction of the associateship than have ever been made since the institution of the Academy, and this reserve of strength has impoverished the walls of the British Institution. There are, however, among the small pictures, to which allusion has been made, certain remarkable essays that shall be signalized in the course of the following observations.

No. 2. 'Joy,' T. F. DICKSEE. This is a little girl who is delighted with a new toy—a Punch that she hugs and fondles with intense satisfaction. In No. 25 the same child, having broken the nose off her Punch, appeals in moving accents, and with tearful eyes, to the sympathies of the spectator. The two heads are full of pointed expression, and well up in tone and colour.

No. 4. 'Harvest Ale,' A. PROVIS. This artist seems to have abandoned the rules of forcible effect, according to which he has hitherto worked;—not that there is a lack of labour, indeed, there is the contrary; the objects are too much made out. The scene is a cellar, in which a maiden waits the filling of a small barrel of ale from a larger one.

No. 6. 'The Little Drummer,' C. J. LEWIS. A miniature in oil, of which the head is prettily conceived. (10) 'Sunny Days,' by the same, is in the like feeling—perhaps the more attractive work of the two.

No. 7. 'Fruit, Flowers, &c.,' W. H. WARD. One of those very minutely finished pictures which escape notice, unless seen under a microscope. The subject is, of course, a miscellany—grapes, a rose, a butterfly, and a marvellously drawn bird's-nest, the horse-hair stuffing of which is a piece of upholstery inimitable except by some accomplished hedge-sparrow.

No. 8. 'A Hill-side Path,' VICAT COLE. A small picture painted strictly according to precept dictated by the fulness of the summer greenery, and the breadth of the summer light.

No. 11. 'Grace,' E. T. PARRIS. A single figure, that of a girl seated at table, and supplicating a blessing on the meal before her. The figure is characteristic, and well executed throughout.

No. 12. 'Huy on the Meuse,' G. STANFIELD. The view is taken from the ferry opposite to the castle that towers high above the group of dear, dirty, picturesque old houses that stand at the bottom of the cliff. The subject is continually painted, both by British and foreign artists. Many versions have made the place look less than it is: Mr. Stanfield dignifies it by a generous breadth with which it has never before been treated.

No. 13. 'On the Llugwy,' J. SYER. The downward flow of the river is here impeded by a veritable "iron gate"—a barrier of rocks, over which the water makes its way with difficulty. The colour of the stream, and the aspect of the sky, are eloquent in their allusion to unsettled weather.

No. 14. 'Dressing for the Fair,' P. H. CALDERON. The figures here are two French peasant girls, the one attaching to the ear of the other the fête-day ear-rings. The title is very circumstantially sustained.

No. 24. 'A Study from Nature, in Betchworth Park, Surrey,' E. BODDINGTON. A cheerful interpretation of a summer day, with its fragrant herbage and dropping sunbeams.

No. 32. 'Sir Walter Raleigh smoking his first Pipe in England, and his Servant, supposing his Master to be on Fire, throws a Pitcher of Water over him,' G. CRUIKSHANK. Scarce know we whether to regard this artist as in jest or earnest. If he be now in earnest, this must be regarded as a semi-historical essay of much import. If he be still in the grotesque vein, we must suppose that he here

proposes to extinguish all pipes and cigars by the method practised by Raleigh's servant.

No. 33. 'The King's Artillery at Marston Moor,' JOHN GILBERT. In the British school the practice of sketching without models has been carried to a success unaccomplished, perhaps, in any other. There are in Europe but few painters who are masters of the difficult facilities that are set forth here. A foreign painter would ask where the author of the work had studied. As far as we can learn, he has been brought up only in the school of John Gilbert, where he made unto himself an idol of wood, in his devotion to which he has for the best part of his life been irreproachably constant. But to the picture. If the situation mean anything, it shows the retreat towards the end of the fight of the king's cavalry before Cromwell's decisive charge. The principal object is a heavy howitzer being dragged up the ascent by a team of eight horses. This is not an impropriety, for the howitzer was invented as early as 1594, and such guns were probably used by the Royalists, for their fire at Marston Moor was very destructive. The sketchy manner of the picture materially assists the confusion of the retreat; anything more definite would have been a failure. Colour is all but entirely suppressed; there is here and there a sparkle, but when the eye seeks the object, it is gone—*ignis fatuus*-like. Some of the figures and the horses are eccentrically drawn, but we would not have them better, for were they so they would at once flatten the spirit of the composition. Thus its very faults become beauties, and its rare quality reminds us at every step of that Diego Velasquez.

No. 40. 'Melanie,' J. E. COLLINS. A head, that of a girl—agreeably painted; apparently a portrait.

No. 41. 'An Alderney Bull,' G. W. HORLOR. The head of the animal is extremely well executed, but the ears are too large for a well-bred beast.

No. 43. 'Evening in the Corn—a Sketch,' W. W. FENN. The effect here is gracefully managed, and the proposed sentiment of tranquillity is impressively felt.

No. 46. 'The House wherein Titian was born,' J. HOLLAND. This is at Cadore, and the building bears the inscription, which is religiously copied by all wandering painters—"Nel 1478 fra queste umili mura Tiziano Vecellio vène à celebre vita," &c. Mr. Holland describes the house and its *enceinte* with circumstantial truth. We recognise even the mountains, which were so deeply impressed in Titian's mind, so dear to his memory, that he reproduced them frequently in his works. Round the fountain surmounted by the statue are many women drawing water, who give to the scene an air of cheerfulness. It is charming in colour, and interesting from the sentiment with which this artist always so successfully invests his works.

No. 53. 'Norbury,' H. JUSTUM.

"By the soft windings of the gentle Mole." The subject is a passage of the river, shallow, pebbly, and overshadowed by trees apparently in the bravery of their early summer foliage. Although there are glimpses of a richly varied distance, the water and the trees constitute the picture. The lustrous surface, transparent depth, and illusive reflections of the former are beyond all praise. This is a class of subject which Mr. Justum paints with great felicity.

No. 57. 'Interior of the Church of St. Gomer, at Lierre, Belgium,' L. HAGHE. This is more in the feeling of those incomparable water-colour works which we have been accustomed to see from the hand of this artist, than any oil picture he has yet exhibited. There is no artificial effect; the church is honestly painted as it is, and the subject

derives interest from the judicious introduction of a procession of clergy and burghers.

No. 62. 'Nottingham,' H. DAWSON. The themes which this painter generally proposes to himself are of the most difficult kind to work out. This is a view of Nottingham from the banks of the Trent—an extremely bald foreground, with a towing-path; no canal bank could be more uninteresting. But this is not the picture. The power of the work is in the sky, the effect being dependent on its light and the perspective both of the sky and of the lower section of the canvas. There is little unity in the picture; it hangs loosely together, even inasmuch that it might be cut in two with advantage to each part. The artist has little feeling for picturesque form; it is, therefore, the more difficult for him to deal with the subjects to which his taste leads him, yet he invests them with splendours that affect with a new sensation those to whom sunshine is an every-day vulgarity.

No. 70. 'The Grotto of Neptune, Tivoli,' F. LEE BREDELL. The upright form of this picture has enabled the artist to give not only the grotto, but also the fall above it. The whole is rendered with impressive truth; the treatment of the subject elevates it to a passage of grandeur, everywhere fully sustained by well-ordered dispositions. We are here also near the Grotto of the Sirens, and innumerable sites hallowed to the classic reader.

No. 71. 'The Spanish Flower-Seller,' R. ANSDELL. There are two figures in this picture—a man with a mule carrying panniers, in which are fruits and flowers, and a pretty Andalusian (we presume them to be natives of the environs of Seville) on a balcony, receiving from the flower-seller a bouquet of roses and lilies; but we humbly submit that the composition had been better without the lady, and the blue curtain hanging by the side of the window.

No. 81. 'The Nile, near the First Cataract,' FRANK DILLOX. As an example of Egyptian scenery, this is a relief to the long lines of light and dark, broken here and there by a sandy hummock, or the remnant of a ruined temple. The time is evening, but the reflections are somewhat too red. The foreground presents piles of rocks and stones; the forms of the latter betoken the fashioning of the hand of man. Below flows the Nile, the course of which the eye can trace to the distance.

No. 87. 'St. Jacques, Antwerp,' L. HAGHE. The especial subject is the well-known screen that encloses the altar, and the painter gives it with a truth and reality that render a title unnecessary. A priest, preceded by a sergeant-de-ville, is leaving the altar, as if proceeding to administer extreme unction. Mr. Haghe sees and interprets his subjects generally, as they are, with a fidelity incorruptible.

No. 88. 'Spring Flowers,' W. HOUGH. The principal part is played here by a primrose, the site being a small section of a mossy bank with a variety of tiny incidents, all realized with surprising minuteness; but the multitude of this class of picture has now vulgarized the mechanism of the manner in which they are painted.

No. 90. 'Fishing-Boats, Lagunes of Venice,' J. V. DE FLEURY. A group of the curious craft peculiar to Venice, surmounted by their quaintly-painted, idle canvas. They always look like gaudy pleasure-boats, and are worked by men who seem to regard life as a long holiday. The composition is perhaps too entirely isolated in the centre.

No. 91. 'Swaledale, Yorkshire, Richmond in the distance,' E. J. NIEMANN. The Swale flows below on the right, and disappears in the middle distance, as it winds in following its course past the old castle and the town. We look apparently in the direction of Northal-

lerton, over a finely-wooded country, judiciously graduated to an airy distance.

No. 92. 'Hard Winter,' S. C. HINCKS. A large composition, in which lies a poor doe, starved and frozen to death. The treatment of the subject is not felicitous; the suffering of a hard winter might be described more forcibly by life than by death.

No. 98. 'Harbour Scene,' H. J. DAWSON. A small picture, showing vessels both afloat and aground. The substance and unflinching manner of the drawing pronounce it to have been executed on the spot.

No. 99. 'Fruit, painted from Nature,' Miss E. H. STANNARD. The same fruits that form the subject in every picture of this class. The supplementary part of the title might have been omitted; for it is impossible to paint fruit, save from the reality.

No. 107. 'The Lace-Maker,' ALFRED PROVIS. She is at work, with her pillow on her knee, in such an abode as those of the lace-makers of Normandy and Brittany. The composition is not so full of household incident as we have seen on the canvases of this artist; it has however, much of the excellence of antecedent works.

No. 108. 'Cabbage,' J. W. HAYNES. The players are an old man and woman: the latter especially is a figure much above the quality of her antagonist; he is without the self-possessed dignity of the other.

No. 112. * * * G. SANT. This is a wooded landscape, through which flows, dividing the foreground, a brattling stream, at which some deer have come for their evening draught. It has been assiduously manipulated, but it wants point.

No. 113. 'Cheer up, Darling!' H. O'NEIL, A.R.A. An episode of 'Eastward Ho!' apparently one of the sketches made for that work, or the picture of last year: it represents the parting between a soldier and his wife.

No. 115. 'Black Grapes—prize fruit,' G. LANCE. Simply a bunch hanging from the stem: unexceptionably true.

No. 119. 'The dawn of Genius,' JOSEPH CLARK. 'Genius' is here manifested by a boy, who makes a portrait of the fat household terrier, which he has perched for that purpose on a table, and causes him to be held *posé* by his sister. There is a great deal of point in the characters and situations; but the picture looks altogether slight, in comparison with former works.

No. 120. 'Evening on the Thames,' A. GILBERT. A small, low-toned landscape of much sweetness. The whole scene lies in twilight shade, telling strongly against the clear evening sky. It looks as if painted at once.

No. 121. 'Autumnal Morning, North Wales,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. The left section of this view is water—a Welsh lake, limpid and lustrous, mocking with feigned semblances every object on its banks. The peculiar feature of the *locale* is the dense mist on the hill side.

No. 127. 'Part of the old Bridge, Florence,' W. H. BARNETT. The subject, though very correct as rendered here, is by no means tempting: the portions of the bridge given are two arches, looking towards the Borgo S. Jacopo, the houses of which extend backwards to the river wall. It is too hard—too literal.

No. 129. 'On the Coast of Devon, painted on the spot,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. The supplementary portion of the title is superfluous, because such a picture could not be improvised. The whole of the foreground is like a photograph of stones and shingle, every fragment of which is individualized. A mass of chalk cliff closes the left, and runs round the little cove to a middle distance—all painted with precision equal to that of the shingle. White cannot well be kept in retirement; were it not, therefore, for the skilful gradations of

the markings, the distant cliff would rush to the foreground. The picture professes a minute detail of the material of the composition, and nothing can be more accurate.

No. 130. 'Benighted,' J. B. BURGESS. Two small figures, an elder and a younger sister, both alarmed at their situation, being overtaken, it must be supposed, by night, as wayfaring far from home. They are well drawn, painted with firmness, and the features of both are fully expressive of embarrassment and distress.

No. 133. 'Pilfering Pug,' G. LANCE. A small picture, in which Mr. Lance introduces another example of his large *menage* of monkeys. The animal wears a *bonnet rouge*, and a white jerkin, and, having obtained access to a larder, is loading himself with cabbages, apples, and anything that he can carry off. This is a class of picture in which the artist is extremely successful; this specimen is worked out with marvellous *finesse*.

No. 135. 'Fondly gazing,' G. SMITH. The title of this picture, a fragmentary quotation from anonymous lines in the catalogue, describes the hopeful anxieties of a young mother, who sits watching her child asleep in its cradle. The mother and the cradle constitute the picture, all else being excluded by a dark, flat background; thus there is nothing to compromise the natural simplicity of the relation between the mother and child, or in anywise to vulgarize the situation. The whole is charmingly painted, without affectation of any kind, and the exquisite finish of the cradle draperies is imitable. This small but valuable production will enhance the reputation of its author.

No. 140. 'Remains of the Tombs of the Scipios,' F. LEE BREDELL. A small and sparkling work, elegant in feeling.

No. 142. 'A Welsh Cabin,' D. W. DEANE. The effects under which this artist brings forward his cottage subjects are very striking; all that is presented here is a chimney and two figures—firmly and freely executed.

No. 158. 'A Woodland Well,' C. ROSSITER. Principally a girl standing by a spring, adjusting her hair, before taking up her pitchers. The figure is left with a firm and masterly touch, and the weedy background by which it is relieved, appears to be an assiduous transcript from some bank abounding in the small herbage that looks so well in pictures.

No. 159. 'Taming of the Shrew,' Act iv. Sc. 1, JOHN GILBERT. This is the scene in the corridor of Petruchio's country house, where he and Katherine are just arrived.

Petruchio. Where be those knaves? What, no man at the door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Servants. Here, sir—here, sir—here, sir—here, sir!
Petruchio. Here, sir—here, sir—here, sir—here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Mr. Gilbert, in this case, does injustice not only to himself, by making his *dramatis personae* so uninteresting in person and feature. We know that, according to Petruchio, Katherine was reputed fair; and she proclaims herself sufficiently proud of her husband, to justify his being represented passably handsome. The excitement of the scene is stirring enough. We are stunned by the hectoring Petruchio, and cannot help marvelling that he should expect prompt attendance from such drones.

No. 164. 'Under the Vines,' HARRY JOHNSON. A large composition, presenting, as the picture, a vine-trellis in front of a house at the brink of one of the Italian lakes. It affords no scope for the development of a sentiment such as this artist so frequently qualifies his works withal.

No. 168. 'Le Chapeau Rouge,' T. M. JONES. The *chapeau* is the Andalusian hat now vul-

garized from Westbourne to Whitechapel: the wearer is a pretty girl, not insensible of her attractions. The work is interesting, and of considerable merit.

No. 169. 'Tintern Abbey—Morning,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The view is taken from a little distance up the Wye, so as to close the prospect by the heights on the left bank of the river, just below the ruin. The effect of sunlight could not be more satisfactorily painted.

No. 176. 'Black Game and Grouse Shoot-ing,' G. W. HORLOR. In this composition there are three retrievers, or setters, drawn and painted to the life; but it must be felt that the artist is essaying to shine, with light borrowed from the great dog-star.

No. 177. 'Interior of the Church of San Miniato, Florence,' L. HAGHE. This is in the Basilica di San Miniato, a famous remnant of early Christian architecture, beautifully situated upon an eminence, commanding the course of the Arno, and the city of Florence. The interior is plain, almost bare; but Mr. Haghé introduces us at a night mass, probably on Christmas-eve. The concentration and distribution of the light are triumphs of the cunning of art.

No. 187. 'Eccole, Signori,' H. WEIGALL. These are the words of an Italian flower-girl, as presenting her bouquets of violets to her pa-trons. The figure is a successful nationality, animated and characteristic.

No. 188. 'Morning on the Lake of Wallen-stadt,' F. DANBY. The material of this composition is brought forward with extreme soft-ness, but the substantial character of the hills that surround the lake is felt and preserved. The landscape is draped in mist, yet it is luminous, and without glare.

No. 193. 'Before the Masquerade, Venice,' G. LANCE. The subject is a sumptuous display of fruit upon a plateau: a very graceful composition, painted with more than usual care. A figure is introduced in black velvet, the *mayor duomo*, questionless, of some magni-ficent doge—Pietro Capreoli, perhaps; and he is discoursing with a macaw, that seems to have been tasting of the abundance before him.

No. 196. 'Venice, from the Canale di San Marco,' E. A. GOODALL. This view brings the Salute and the Dogana into the centre of the picture, and in opposition to the evening sun, the light of which is painted by Mr. Goodall with more than his usual felicity. He has already exhibited views of Venice; but this is superior to those that have preceded it.

No. 205. 'Boy with Tambourine,' R. BUCKNER. The head looks very much as if painted from a girl; it is, however, the sweetest and most animated face that has ever been exhibited by its author; but the hands are those of a more elevated station in life.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 213. 'Lost and Saved,' A. W. WILLIAMS. This is a story of a wreck. A vessel is cast on shore, and the sole survivor is clinging to a piece of the wreck, that is driving to the land amid the heavy breakers; he is catching at a rope thrown to him from the shore. It is a large picture, but simple in its forms and quantities, which are used with great effect.

No. 219. 'Shields, the great Coal Port, Northumberland,' R. WATSON. The spectator is here placed on a part of the cliff below Tyne-mouth Priory, but the ruin does not appear in the picture. The view comprehends South Shields, a part of North Shields, and the mouth of the Tyne: the subject is treated with too much severity.

No. 221. 'Matins,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The devotee is a girl in black, kneeling on a *prie-dieu*: the head is an extremely successful study.

No. 226. 'Maternal Affection,' C. DUKES. The title is illustrated by a young mother playing with her child. The principal head is animated in expression, well drawn, and painted with all the firmness that distinguishes the artist's works.

No. 231. 'Happy Thoughts,' S. B. HALLE. This looks like a dress portrait. The figure, that of a girl, leans over a table, on which is a book, from which she has just raised her head, smiling at some pleasant conceit. If it be pro-posed as a picture, it is not in good taste.

No. 235. 'Coast of Genoa,' J. HOLLAND. The picture, which is large, presents a group of boats drawn up on the shingle, apparently at San Pietro d'Arena, looking towards Voltri and the Apennines, that close the view on the western shore of the gulf. It is a grand, broad daylight picture, without any tendency to artificial effect. The treatment is extremely simple, yet its very simplicity is the most difficult of its achievements.

No. 238. 'Brewhurst Mill, Sussex,' N. O. LURTON. Foliage is the principal feature here, and it is painted with a view to the identity of the different trees that are brought into the essay.

No. 245. 'Little German Red Riding Hood,' D. Y. BLAKISTON. This looks like a portrait of a child in her winter dress, with a muff: the head is a careful study.

No. 246. 'Interior, Cobham Church, Kent,' C. H. STANLEY. This church is celebrated not only for its brasses and monuments, but also for its vaults, and the names associated with them. The subject is by no means inviting, but it is treated with masterly success. High up on the left are two close helmets of the time of Edward III., and on the right another of the time of Henry VII.

No. 249. 'Criticism,' T. P. HALL. The critics are a couple of housemaids and a page, who pass their judgment on a picture, while the artist at the door is listening to the unmeasured terms of their dissatisfaction. The affectation of the women is pointedly told, but the situation is deprived of its force by the presence of the listening painter.

No. 250. 'Scene on the Welsh Coast,' J. and G. SANT. A large upright picture, in which is represented a fragment of sea-cliff, on which appear some figures interested in the recovery of a lamb that had strayed or fallen over the bank. As a piece of local painting, the picture is a veritable *tour de force*; but beyond this there is nothing in the subject whereon to found so large a representation.

No. 257. 'Early Morning on the Coast—Bosham, Sussex,' R. H. NIBBS. The subject looks infinitely Dutch; it is difficult to believe that on the Sussex coast there is anything so primitive.

No. 258. 'A Welsh Stream,' F. DANBY. A landscape, charming with its outspoken honesty of daylight breadth, and its foreground darks not carried beyond the force of nature. It wins upon the eye, everywhere enriched by successful imitation of the beauties of nature, nowhere enfeebled by the prettiness of Art.

No. 259. 'A Market Scene, Belgium,' J. H. S. MANN. This is a small picture, presenting an open market-place, thronged with people. Although so small, each figure is most carefully made out; and not less conscientiously has the architecture been executed. Although small, it looks large, and would have painted admirably a picture of more important size.

No. 264. 'Adeline,' F. WYBURN. A small study: a lady seated in an arm-chair with a book; but she is *distracta* and pale. She does not tell her love, but she cannot conceal it.

No. 273. 'An Idle Moment,' J. INSKIPP. A life-sized study of a girl at a spinning-wheel. It is conceived with the taste that has always

distinguished the compositions of this painter; but it is deficient in the firmness and precision of antecedent productions.

No. 274. 'Avignon—Villeneuve on the Rhone,' HARRY JOHNSON. This picture presents a view of a portion of the Faubourg of Avignon, called Villeneuve-les-Avignon, imme-diately on the banks of the river. The effect is that of evening, successfully carried out.

No. 276. 'Harvest Time, North Wales,' G. COLE. A small picture, deriving value from the finished manner in which a grey horse is painted in it.

No. 277. 'Autumn,' E. U. EDDIS. The head of this little figure is one of the most attractive the artist has ever painted: the allusion to autumn is conveyed in a basket of grapes.

No. 282. 'The Shadow on the Casement,' J. A. HOUSTON, R.S.A. A love story, of which the hero is a presumptive pescator, who, on a calm summer evening, has thrown himself on the grass at the brink of the mill-pool. His rod is near him, and his line is in the water, but he watches the shadow of a girl that is cast on the window of the opposite mill-house, and gives no attention to the contin-ued movement of his float. The story is pointedly told, and the whole of the material of the composition is skilfully rendered.

No. 289. 'Benfleet Church, Essex,' W. EDWARDS. A small picture, broad in treat-ment, and apparently minutely pencilled, but too far removed from the eye for its particular merits to be discerned.

No. 290. 'Killarney—Lower Lake, from Ross, Ireland,' S. B. GODBOLD. Simple and unaffected; successful in the description of atmosphere: in truth, a work of more than ordinary excellence.

No. 292. 'Los Nazarenos,' P. VILLAMIL. The subject is a religious procession in Seville; it has been elaborately worked out, and contains some well painted figures, but the head-gear and dresses of the priests are entirely unsuited to pictorial composition.

No. 293. 'Antwerp in the Seventeenth Century,' HENDRICK SCHAEFELS. In general feel-ing this work is highly dramatic; it is rich in colour and agreeable in effect.

No. 296. 'San Servolo and San Lazzaro, Venice—Evening in November,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. A small picture, with distant build-ings telling against an orange sunset—a phase which this painter has, we think, already once or twice painted.

No. 299. 'Children in Church in the Schwartzwald: painted from life,' E. LEYDEL. It is sufficiently evident that they have been painted from the life; but in the representa-tion there is no point to interest either the children or the spectator: the work, however, shows study and experience.

No. 309. 'La Dormeuse,' J. H. S. MANN. The head of this study, a single figure—that of a girl asleep in her chair—is remarkable for the purity and warmth of the shade tints, and that life-like *morbidezza* which would yield to the finger.

No. 310. 'The Temple, Dendera,' FRANK DILLON. The subject derives interest from the truth of the moonlight, under which the scene is brought forward.

No. 313. 'Loiterers,' W. HEMSLEY. These are a boy and a girl at a spring, circumstanced in an open landscape, which, together with the group, is worked out with the utmost nicety.

No. 314. 'Waiting for the Tide, Hazy Morn-ing,' E. C. WILLIAMS. Boats like Thames hay-barges, nothing more; but they figure here in a small and attractive picture.

No. 323. 'Mother and Child,' W. GALE. A little girl and her doll, to which she offers bread and jam; the face of the child is bright,

and expressive of the satisfaction she feels at thus discharging a mother's duty to her babe.

No. 326. 'The Gondola is waiting,' G. E. HERING. The subject is simply a gondola waiting for its freight. The time is evening, and the *campanili* of Venice rise in the distance. The water, with its tripping ripple, is a most cunning illusion.

No. 327. 'A Good Day's Sport,' H. L. ROLFE. Here is a creel, full and overflowing with trout of tolerable size, each fish painted with accuracy unsurpassable.

No. 330. 'The Conchologist,' A. J. WOOLMER. The scene is the sea-shore, an unusual resource for this artist. The life of the composition is a group, a boy and girl sitting on a rock and examining a shell. A sketchy but an agreeable picture.

No. 331. 'Goethe's House, Dom Platz, Frankfort,' W. CALLOW. This is a more curious dwelling than that even in the Hirschgraben, in which the great poet was born; it is in itself sufficient for a picture, and the artist has done justice to it.

No. 349. 'The Blind Girl and the Flower,' H. WEIGALL. The story is of a blind girl resorting to the sense of touch for a conception of the beauty of the flowers that she could not see. It is a touching sentiment, very pointedly set forth in two very carefully painted figures.

No. 350. 'Wheat Harvest, Wyke, overlooking West Bay, Dorset,' E. F. D. PRITCHARD. A difficult subject, admirably treated, and worked out with infinite industry.

No. 360. 'On the Frith of Clyde—A Dismasted Ship taken in tow,' W. A. KNELL. The ship floats a helpless hulk, and by her side lies the steamer that is about to tow her into port. It is a large picture, and the wreck tells against an evening sky,—always a safe effect.

No. 362. 'A Welsh Drinking Fountain,' W. S. P. HENDERSON. The life of the composition is a little girl who is waiting until her pitcher is full: the figure is bright in colour, and decided in execution.

No. 369. 'Dead Swan, Game, and Fruit,' W. DUFFIELD. A large work, approaching the feeling of the Dutch still-life painters.

No. 375. 'Maidenhood,' W. M. HAY. A study of a girl, bearing, according to the prescription of Longfellow's verse, a lily. The figure is perfectly drawn and judiciously coloured, somewhat in accordance with the precepts of the German school.

No. 385. 'A Labour of Love,' T. F. DICKSEE. The two heads in this picture are admirably drawn. The subject is a mother running with her child upon her shoulders with very much enjoyment to both. The complexion of the woman is perhaps too delicate for peasant life, but the joyous spirit of the work is unexceptionable.

No. 386. 'The Pedlar's Visit to the Old Cottage,' MARK ANTHONY. The site of the old cottage seems to be a common, of which the part that forms the foreground of the picture has a variety of markings and incident that afford valuable assistance to the composition. The building itself is of the class which looks well in pictures, but that forms very indifferent habitations. It is a broad, low-toned work, of great power.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 408. 'Northwall Lighthouse,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. A sea view, treated with an unbroken breadth of daylight.

No. 416. 'View from Dufferin Lodge, Highgate,' VISCOUNT HARDINGE. Highgate and Hampstead abound with every variety of scenery; it is not, therefore, surprising to see a passage like this from the vicinity of Highgate, even with its grassy slopes and forest

trees. It seems to be a careful study from the reality.

No. 427. 'The Coast of Jersey,' J. PEEL. This little picture sparkles with the precious accidents of this artist's manner. The subject is principally a rough and well broken foreground.

No. 431. 'The Fairy's Barque,' J. A. FITZGERALD. A little picture, exquisite in finish and rich in quaint conceit. The barque is a water-lily, on which sits enthroned, crowned with a whole *via lactea* of stars, some fairy potentate, whose attendants, clad in the fragrance of summer, row their queen with bullrushes for oars. This, with all the rest of the curious inditing of the habits of the fairy people, can only be the gathering of a long residence in Faydom.

No. 443. 'Dinner Time,' W. LUCAS, jun. The diner is a wayside labourer, to whom his little daughter brings his meal. Portions of the picture are remarkable for elaboration—as the right arm and the dress of the man.

No. 449. 'The Lesson,' C. DUKES. The disciple is a parrot, and the instructress is a lady who holds her pupil on her finger. The picture is well drawn and firmly painted.

No. 451. 'Musidora,' W. E. FROST, A.R.A. One of those small figures that Mr. Frost paints with so much grace. This is a new version of Musidora, an interpretation that would do honour to a Greek sculptor.

No. 461. 'Moss Troopers, Daybreak,' F. WEEKES. A composition worthy of being painted as a large picture. The style of these gentlemen reminds us, in somewhat, of our freemasted friend Christie o' the Clint Hill. Many such gallant companies have issued from the lone peel-houses of the "debateable land," and forded the Tweed before daylight.

No. 462. 'The First Letter, "What shall I say?"' J. A. HOUSTON, R.S.A. A brilliant study of a little girl—at her writing-desk, and at a loss for an idea.

No. 467. 'Mary Magdalen,' F. SANDYS. A profile head in which there is much to admire; but the dispositions make the neck appear too long.

No. 473. 'Harvest Time,' J. HAYLLAR. The scene is of course the harvest field, in which three men are temporarily resting from their labour. These figures are painted with great decision of manner.

No. 480. 'A Quiet Spot,' A. J. STARK. So quiet that a couple of squirrels have it entirely to themselves. The study seems to have been made upon the "spot," so rich is it in ferns, gadding creepers, and countless grasses.

No. 482. 'Doctor Primrose taking Blackberry to the Fair,' T. JONES BARKER. This is an excellent subject; it is surprising that it has never before been painted. The doctor is mounted on his horse, and the situation is much in the spirit of Goldsmith's description.

No. 491. 'Winter Morning—Weathering the Point, Old Hartlepool,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. We see here a coal bark in a very critical situation, all but close in among the breakers, with the wind off the sea. The force of the picture is the heavy sea that rolls in upon the rocks, of which the in-shore wave, just breaking at the crest, is a masterly passage of marine painting; not less admirable is the sky, with its heavy, driving clouds.

No. 492. 'Nightshade Glen,' J. W. OAKES. This is of a class different from that of which we have been accustomed to see examples under this name. So different is it, that it would scarcely be attributed to the same hand.

No. 500. 'The Stones of Devon,' T. MOGGARD. There were years ago, exhibited under this name in the Royal Academy, from time to time, small portraits, imitable for softness and finish; but whether there be an *Antiphonus* of Corinth, and an *Antiphonus* of Syracuse in this case, we know not. It is enough to say,

that these stones of Devon are most perfect imitations of huge boulders coated with parti-coloured lichens.

No. 501. 'Italian Goatherd,' R. BUCKNER. The general character of the figure is pictorial, but these boys' heads look as if painted from girls; there is neither in the Popedom nor the Duchies any goatherd with features and hands so delicate as those of this figure.

No. 502. 'Flowers,' ST. JEAN. We do not remember that M. St. Jean has before sent a picture to any of our exhibitions. As this artist is the most eminent flower-painter in France, and his works command very high prices, this picture ought to have been honoured with a place of distinction; instead of which it is hung high up in the third room. It is equal in merit to any of his works. A most brilliant wreath, hung on a dark, sculptured Madonna della Seggiola.

No. 507. 'La Corda Rotta,' B. AMICONI. A study of a lady embarrassed by the breaking of her guitar-string: an agreeable picture, much in the taste of the French school.

No. 513. 'An Angler preparing for a Day's Sport,' J. T. LUCAS. A small figure, in the act of dressing a fly with great earnestness of expression.

No. 514. 'Joy cometh in the Morning,' Psalm xxx. 5, E. T. PARRIS. A large, full, and elaborate composition, conceived in a Poussin-like vein, and presenting a concourse of carefully-drawn and well-painted figures, infinitely hilarious in expression, and markedly graceful in movement.

No. 526. 'Olivia,' J. COLBY. Not one of those Olivias whom we all know so well—yet a study of rare excellence.

No. 541. 'Welsh Interior,' E. J. COBBETT. Principally a wide chimney, with a figure seated on the left—simple and very effective.

Other works worthy of mention are—No. 543, 'Caen, Normandy,' L. J. WOOD; No. 554, 'Dutch Vessels Be Calmed—Antwerp,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A.; No. 561, 'Elaine,' D. WILKIE WINFIELD; No. 563, 'A Romance,' C. CATTERMOLE; No. 564, 'The Ordering of Colour,' E. HOPLEY; No. 573, 'On the Hills—Morning,' A. J. STARK; No. 582, 'An Anxious Moment,' H. L. ROLFE; No. 593, 'A subject from "The Flowers of the Forest,"' ALEXANDER JOHNSTON; No. 595, 'Summer,' H. MOORE; No. 596, 'St. Jamines on the Loire,' V. DE FLEURY; No. 600, 'Sancho Panza,' J. GILBERT; No. 601, 'Chi ha la bella ha la buona,' H. WEIGALL; No. 607, 'Comparing Notes,' T. M. JOY; No. 608, 'Cordelia,' T. F. DICKSEE; No. 610, 'Winter,' E. F. D. PRITCHARD; No. 614, 'Golden Days,' W. W. GOSLING; No. 617, 'The Mask,' W. H. KNIGHT; No. 618, 'On the Welsh Coast,' W. H. HORNKINS; No. 619, * * * W. S. P. HENDERSON; and No. 623, 'The Pastime—a Sketch in the Woods of "Rocco di Papa,"' R. ROTHWELL.

Among the sculpture are some productions of much beauty. There are altogether seventeen pieces, and, limited though the contributions be, as a whole there is a greater proportion of excellence in this department than in the painting. J. SHERWOOD WESTMACOTT contributes No. 634, 'L'Allegro'—marble, and 'Il Penseroso'—marble; and H. WEEKES, A.R.A., 'An African Head'—a work of much character. There are—No. 637, 'A marble Head,' Mrs. THORNCROFT; No. 642, A group of 'Virginius, and Virginia,' G. J. MILLER; No. 646, 'The Lovers' Walk,' ALEXANDER MUNRO; and No. 649, 'Titania,'—marble, JOHN LAWLER, &c.

Thus it will be seen that the exhibition of this year is not seasoned with the quality that we always look for from the winter labours of its habitual contributors. It is most probable that the defect is attributable to the cause stated at the commencement of this notice.

THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.
BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART III.

THE cold increased every moment as the sun declined, and, after remaining on the summit of Tahawus only an hour, we descended to the Opalescent River, where we encamped for the night. Toward morning there was a rain-shower, and the water came trickling upon us through the light bark roof of our "camp." But the clouds broke at sunrise, and, excepting a copious shower of small hail, and one or two of light rain, we had pleasant weather the remainder of the day. We descended the Opalescent in its rocky bed, as we went up, and at noon dined on the margin of Lake Colden, just after a slight shower had passed by.

We were now at an elevation of almost three thousand feet above tide water. In lakes Colden and Avalanche, which lie close to each other, there are no fishes. Only lizards and leeches occupy their cold waters. All is silent and solitary there. The bold eagle sweeps over them occasionally, or perches upon a lofty pine; but the mournful voice of the Great Loon, or Diver (*Colymbus glacialis*), heard over all the waters of northern New York and Canada, never awakens the echoes of these solitary lakes.* They lie in a high basin between the Mount Colden and Mount M'Intyre ranges, and have experienced great changes. Avalanche Lake, evidently once a part of Lake Colden, is about eighty feet higher than the latter. They have been separated by, perhaps, a series of avalanches, or mountain slides, which still occur in that region. From the top of Tahawus we saw the white glare of several, striping the sides of mountain cones. The distance from the outlet of Lake Colden to the head of Avalanche Lake is about two and a quarter miles.

At three o'clock we reached our camp at Calamity Pond, and just before sunset emerged from the forest into the open fields near Adirondack village,



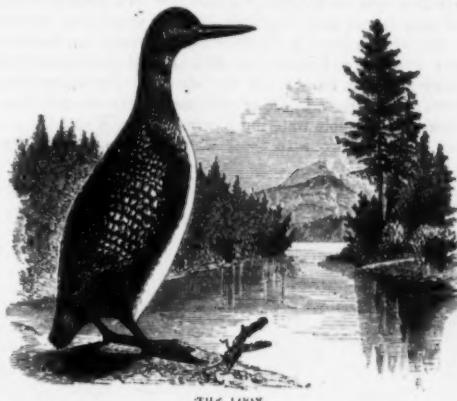
LAKE COLDEN.

where we regaled ourselves with the bountiful fruitage of the raspberry shrub. At Mr. Hunter's we found kind and generous entertainment; and at an early hour the next morning we started for the great Indian Pass, four miles distant.

Half a mile from Henderson Lake we crossed its outlet upon a picturesque bridge, and, following a causeway another half mile through a clearing, we penetrated the forest, and struck one of the chief branches of the Upper Hudson, that comes from the rocky chasms of that Pass. Our journey was much more difficult than to Tahawus. The undergrowth of the forest was more dense, and trees more frequently lay athwart the dim trail. We crossed the stream several times; and, as we ascended, the valley narrowed until we entered the rocky gorge between the steep slopes of Mount M'Intyre and the cliffs of Wall-face Mountain. There we encountered enormous masses of rocks, some worn by the abrasion of the elements, some angular, some bare, and some covered with moss, and many of them bearing large trees, whose roots, clasp-

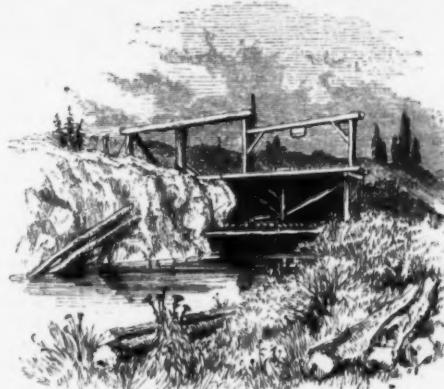
* The water view in the picture of the Loon is a scene on Harris's Lake, with Goodeknow Mountain in the distance.

ing them on all sides, strike into the earth for sustenance. One of the masses presented a singular appearance: it was of cubic form, its summit full thirty feet from its base, and upon it was quite a grove of hemlock and cedar-trees. Around and partly under this and others lying loosely, apparently kept from rolling by roots and vines, we were compelled to clamber a long distance, when we reached a point more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the



THE LOON.

gorge, where we could see the famous pass in all its wild grandeur. Before us arose a perpendicular cliff, nearly twelve hundred feet from base to summit, as raw in appearance as if cleft only yesterday. Above us sloped M'Intyre, still more lofty than the cliff of Wall-face; and in the gorge lay huge piles of rock, chaotic in position, grand in dimensions, and awful in general aspect. They appear to have been cast in there by some terrible convulsion not very remote.



OUTLET OF HENDERSON LAKE.

Within the memory of Sabattis, this region has been shaken by an earthquake; and no doubt its power, and the lightning, and the frost, have hurled these masses from that impending cliff. Through these waters of this branch of the Hudson, bubbling from a spring not far distant (close by a fountain of the Au Sable), find their way. The margin of the stream is too rugged and cavernous in the Pass for human footsteps to follow.

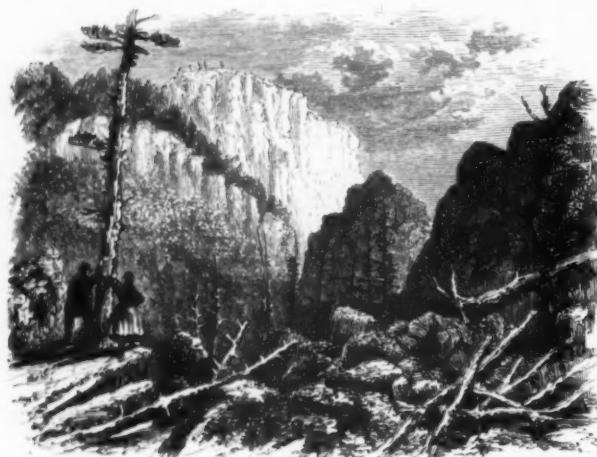


TREES ON BOULDERS.

Just at the lower entrance to the gorge, on the shore of the little brook, we dined, and then retraced our steps to the village, stopping on the way to view the dreary swamp at the head of Henderson Lake, where the Hudson, flowing from the Pass, enters it. Water, and not fire, has blasted the trees,

and their erect stems and prostrate branches, white and ghost-like in appearance, make a tangled covering over many acres.

That night we slept soundly again at Mr. Hunter's, and in the morning left in a wagon for the valley of the Scarron. During the past four days we had travelled thirty miles on foot in the tangled forest, camped out two nights, and seen some of Nature's wildest and grandest lineaments. These mountain and lake districts, which form the wilderness of northern New York, give to the tourist most exquisite sensations; and the physical system appears to take in health at every pore. Invalids go in with hardly strength enough to reach some quiet log-house in a clearing, and come out with strong quick pulse and elastic muscles. Every year the number of tourists and sportsmen who go there rapidly increases; and women begin to find more pleasure and health in that wilderness, than at fashionable watering places. No wild country in the world can offer more solid attractions to those who desire to spend a few weeks of



ADIRONDACK, OR INDIAN PASS.

leisure away from the haunts of men. Pure air and water, and game in abundance, may there be found; while in all that region not a venomous reptile or poisonous plant may be seen, and the beasts of prey are too few and shy to cause the least alarm to the most timid. The climate is delightful; and there are fertile valleys among those rugged hills that will yet smile in beauty under the cultivator's hand. It has been called by ignorant men the "Siberia of New York;" it may properly be called the "Switzerland of the United States."

The wind came from among the mountains in fitful gusts, thick mists were sweeping around the peaks and through the gorges, and there were frequent dashes of rain, sometimes falling like showers of gold, in the sunlight that gleamed through the broken clouds, on the morning when we left Adirondack village. We had hired a strong wagon, with three spring seats, and a team of experienced horses, to convey us from the heart of the wilderness to the Scarron valley, thirty miles distant; and after breakfast we left the kind family



HENDERSON'S LAKE.

of Mr. Hunter, accompanied by Sabattis and Preston, who rode with us most of the way for ten miles, in the direction of their homes. Our driver was the owner of the team—a careful, intelligent, good-natured man, who lived near Tahawus, at the foot of Sandford Lake. But in all our experience in travelling, we never endured such a journey. The highway, for at least twenty-four of the thirty miles, is what is technically called *corduroy*—a sort of corrugated stripe of logs ten feet wide, laid through the woods, and dignified with the title of "the State road." It gives to a wagon the jolting motion of the "dyspeptic chair," and in that way we were "exercised" all day long, except when dining at the Tahawus House, on some wild pigeons shot by Sabattis on the way. That inn is upon the road, near the site of Tahawus village, at the foot of Sandford Lake, and is a half-way house between Long Lake, and Root's Inn in the Scarron valley, toward which we were travelling. There we parted with our excellent guides, after giving them a sincere assurance that we should

recommend all tourists and hunters, who may visit the head waters of the Hudson, to procure their services, if possible.

About a mile on our way from the Tahawus House, we came to the dwelling and farm of John Cheney, the oldest and most famous hunter and guide in all that region. He now seldom goes far into the woods, for he begins to feel the effects of age and a laborious life. We called to pay our respects to one so widely known, and yet so isolated. He is a slightly-built man, about sixty years of age. He was the guide for the scientific corps, who made a geological reconnaissance of that region many years ago; and for a quarter of a century he has there battled the elements and the beasts with a strong arm and unflinching will. Many of the tales of his experience are full of the wildest romance, and we hoped to hear the narrative of some adventure from his own lips. We were disappointed; he was away on a short hunting excursion, for he loves the forest and the chase with all the enthusiasm of his young manhood.

For many years John carried no other weapons than a huge jack-knife and a pistol. One of the most stirring of his thousand adventures in the woods is connected with the history of that pistol. It has been related by an acquaintance of the writer, a man of rare genius, and who, for many years, has been an inmate of an asylum for the insane, in a neighbouring State. John Cheney was his guide more than twenty years ago. The time of the adventure alluded to was winter, and the snow lay four feet deep in the woods. John went out upon snow-shoes, with his rifle and dogs. He wandered far from the settlement, and made his bed at night in the deep snow. One morning he arose to examine his traps, near which he would lie encamped for weeks in complete solitude. When hovering around one of them, he discovered a famished wolf, who, unappalled by the hunter, retired only a few steps, and then, turning round, stood watching his movements. "I ought, by rights," said John, "to have waited for my two dogs, who could not have been far off; but the cretur looked so sassy, standing there, that though I had not a bullet to spare, I could not help letting into him with my rifle." John missed his aim, and the animal gave a spring, as he was in the act of firing, and turned instantly upon him before he could reload his piece. So effective was the unexpected attack of the wolf, that his fore-paws were upon Cheney's snow-shoes before he could rally for the fight. The forester became entangled in the deep drift, and sank upon his back, keeping the wolf only at bay by striking at him with his clubbed



OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

rifle. The stock was broken into pieces in a few moments, and it would have fared ill with the stark woodsman, if the wolf, instead of making at his enemy's throat when he had him thus at disadvantage, had not, with blind fury, seized the barrel of the gun in his jaws. Still the fight was unequal, as John, half buried in the snow, could make use of but one of his hands. He shouted to his dogs, but one of them only, a young, untrained hound, made his appearance. Emerging from a thicket, he caught sight of his master, lying apparently at the mercy of the ravenous beast, uttered a yell of fear, and fled howling to the woods again. "Had I had one shot left," said Cheney, "I would have given it to that dog, instead of dispatching the wolf with it." In the exasperation of the moment, John might have extended his contempt to the whole canine race, if a stauncher friend had not, at the moment, interposed to vindicate their character for courage and fidelity. All this had passed in a moment; the wolf was still grinding the iron gun-barrel in his teeth—he had even once wrenched it from the hand of the hunter—when, dashing like a thunderbolt between the combatants, the other hound sprang over his master's body, and seized the wolf by the throat. "There was no let go about that dog when he once took hold," said John. "If the barrel had been red hot, the wolf couldn't have dropped it quicker; and it would have done you good, I tell ye, to see that old dog drag the cretur's head down in the snow, while I, just at my leisure, drove the iron into his skull. One good, fair blow, though, with a heavy rifle barrel, on the back of the head, finished him. The fellow gave a kind o' quiver, stretched out his hind legs, and then he was done for. I had the rifle stocked afterwards, but she would never shoot straight since that fight; so I got me this pistol, which, being light and handy, enables me more conveniently to carry an axe upon my long tramps, and make myself comfortable in the woods."

Many a deer has John since killed with that pistol. "It is curious," said the narrator, "to see him draw it from the left pocket of his grey shooting-jacket, and bring down a partridge. I have myself witnessed several of his successful shots with this unpretending shooting-iron, and once saw him knock the feathers from a wild duck at fifty yards."

Most of our journey toward the Scarron was quite easy for the horses, for

we were descending the great Champlain slope. The roughness of the road compelled us to allow the team to walk most of the way. The country was exceedingly picturesque. For miles our track lay through the solitary forest, its silence disturbed only by the laugh of a mountain brook, or the voices of the wind among the hills. The winding road was closely hemmed by trees and shrubs, and sentinelized by lofty pines, and birches, and tamaracks, many of them dead, and ready to fall at the touch of the next strong wind. Miles apart were the rude cabins of the settlers, until we came out upon a high, rolling valley, surrounded by a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. Through that valley, from a little lake toward the sources of the Au Sable, flows the cold and rapid Boreas River, one of the chief tributaries of the Upper Hudson. The view was now grand: all around us stood the great hills, wooded to their summits, and overlooking deep valleys, wherein the primeval forest had never been touched by axe or fire; and on the right, through tall trees, we had glimpses of an irregular little lake, called Cheney Pond. For three or four miles after passing the Boreas we went over a most dreary "clearing," dotted with blackened stumps and boulders as thick as hail, a cold north-west wind



MOOSE HORNS.

driving at our backs. In the midst of it is Wolf Pond, a dark water fringed with a tangled growth of alders, shrubs, and creepers, and made doubly gloomy by hundreds of dead trees, that shoot up from the *chapparel*.

This was the "darkness just before daylight," for we soon struck a branch of the Scarron, rushing in cascades through a rocky ravine, along whose banks we found an excellent road. The surrounding country was very rugged in appearance. The rocky hills had been denuded by fire, and everything in nature presented a strong contrast to the scene that burst upon the vision at sunset, when, from the brow of a hill, we saw the beautiful Scarron valley smiling before us. In a few minutes we crossed the Scarron River over a covered bridge, and found ourselves fairly out of the wilderness, at a new and spacious inn, kept by Russell Root, a small, active, and obliging man, well known all over that northern country. His house is the point of departure and arrival for those who take what may be called the lower route to and from the hunting and fishing grounds of the Upper Hudson, and the group of lakes beyond. Over his door a pair of enormous moose horns forms an appropriate sign-board, for he is the commissary of sportsmen in that region. At his house everything necessary for the woods and waters may be obtained.

The Scarron, or Schroon River, is the eastern branch of the Hudson. It



OUTLET OF PARADOX LAKE.

rises in the heart of Essex County, and flowing southward into Warren county, receiving in its course the waters of Paradox and Scarron, or Schroon Lake, and a large group of ponds, forms a confluence, near Warrensburg, with the main waters of the Hudson, that come down from the Adirondack region. The name of Schroon for this branch is fixed in the popular mind, appears in books and on maps, and is heard upon every lip. It is a corruption of Scarron, the name given to the lake by French officers, who were stationed at Fort St. Frederick, on Crown Point, a hundred years ago. In their rambles in the wilderness on the western shore of Lake Champlain, they discovered a beautiful lake, and named it in gallant homage to the memory of the widow of the poet Scarron, who, as Madame de Maintenon, became the queen of Louis XIV. of France. The name was afterwards applied to the river, and the modern corrupt orthography and pronunciation were unknown before the present century, at the beginning of which settlements were first commenced in that region. In the face of legal documents, common speech, and maps, we may rightfully call it Scarron; for the antiquity and respectability of an error are not valid excuses for perpetuating it.

From Root's we rode down the valley to the pleasant little village on the western shore of Scarron Lake. We turned aside to visit the beautiful Paradox Lake, nestled among wooded hills a short distance from the river. It is separated from Scarron Lake by a low alluvial drift, and is so nearly on a level with the river into which it empties, that when torrents from the hills swell the waters of that stream, a current flows back into Paradox Lake, making its outlet an *inlet* for the time. From this circumstance it received its name. We rode far up its high southern shore to enjoy many fine views of the lake and its surroundings, and returning, lunched in the shadows of trees at a rustic bridge that spans its outlet a few rods below the lake.

Scarron Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, ten miles in length, and about a mile in average width. It is ninety miles north of Albany, and lies partly in Essex and partly in Warren County. Its aspect is interesting from every point of view. The gentle slopes on its western shore are well cultivated, and thickly inhabited, the result of sixty years' settlement; but on its eastern shore are precipitous and rugged hills, which extend in wild and picturesque succession to Lake Champlain, fifteen or twenty miles distant. In the bosom of these hills, and several hundred feet above the Scarron, lies Lake Pharaoh, a body of cold water surrounded by dark mountains; and near it is a large cluster of ponds, all of which find a receiving reservoir in Scarron Lake, and make its outlet a large stream.

In the lake, directly in front of Scarron village, is an elliptical island, containing about one hundred acres. It was purchased a few years ago by Colonel A. L. Ireland, a wealthy gentleman of New York, who went there in search of health, and who has spent large sums of money in subduing the savage features of the island, erecting a pleasant summer mansion upon it, and in changing the rough and forbidding aspect of the whole domain into one of beauty and attractiveness. Taste and labour have wrought wonderful changes there, and its present appearance justifies the title it bears of *Isola Bella*—the Indian



ISOLA BELLA.

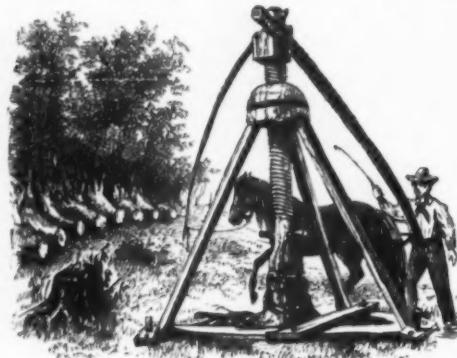
Cay-wa-noof. The mansion is cruciform, and delightfully situated. In front of it are tastefully ornamented grounds, with vistas through the forest trees, that afford glimpses of charming lake, landscape, and distant mountain scenery. Within, are evidences of elegant refinement—a valuable library, statuary, bronzes, and some rare paintings. Among other sketches is a picture of Hale Hall, in Lancashire, England—the ancestral dwelling of Colonel Ireland, who is a lineal descendant of Sir John De Ireland, a Norman baron who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, was at the battle of Hastings, and received from the monarch a large domain, upon which he built a castle. On the site of that castle, Hale Hall was erected by Sir Gilbert Ireland, who was a member of Parliament and lord-lieutenant of his county. Hale Hall remains in possession of the family.

We were conveyed to Isola Bella in a skiff, rowed by two watermen, in the face of a stiff breeze that ruffled the lake; and it was almost sunset when we returned to the village of Scarron Lake. It was Saturday evening, and we remained at the village until Monday morning; and then rode down the pleasant valley to Warrensburg, near the junction of the Scarron and the west branch of the Hudson, a distance of almost thirty miles. It was a very delightful ride, notwithstanding we were menaced by a storm. Our road lay first along the cultivated western margin of the lake, and thence through a rolling valley, from which we caught occasional glimpses of the river, sometimes near and sometimes distant. The journey occupied a greater portion of the day. We passed two quiet villages, named respectively Pottersville and Chester. The latter, the larger of the two, is at the outlet of Loon and Friendship Lakes—good fishing places, a few miles distant. Both villages are points upon the State road, from which sportsmen depart for the adjacent woods and waters. An hour's ride from either place will put them within the borders of the great wilderness, and beyond the sounds of the settlements.

Warrensburg is situated partly upon a high plain, and partly upon a slope that stoops to a bend of the Scarron, about two miles above its confluence with the west branch of the Hudson. It is a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, in the midst of rugged mountain scenery, the hills abounding with iron ore. As we approached it, we came to a wide plain, over which lay—in greater perfection than any we had yet seen—stump fences, which are peculiar to the Upper Hudson country. They are composed of the stumps of large pine-trees, drawn from the soil by machines made for the purpose; and they are so disposed in rows, their roots interlocking, as to form an effectual barrier to the

passage of any animal on whose account fences are made. The stumps are full of sap (turpentine), and we were assured, with all the confidence of experience, that these fences would last a thousand years, the turpentine preserving the woody fibre. One of the stump-machines stood in a field near the road. It is a simple derrick, with a large wooden screw hanging from the apex, where its heavy matrix is fastened. In the lower end of the screw is a large iron bolt, and at the upper end, or head, a strong lever is fastened. The derrick is placed over a stump, and heavy chains are wound round and under the stump and over the iron bolt in the screw. A horse attached to the lever works the screw in such a manner as to draw the stump and its roots clean from the ground. The stump fences form quite a picturesque feature in the landscape, and at a distance have the appearance of masses of deer horns.

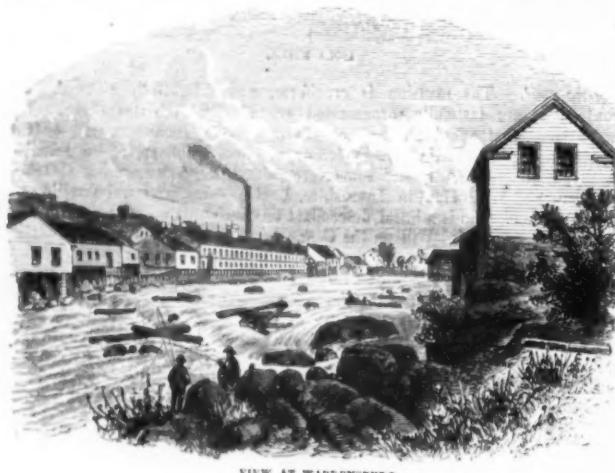
It was toward evening when we arrived at Warrensburg, but before sunset we had strolled over the most interesting portions of the village, along the



STUMP-MACHINE.

river and its immediate vicinity. Here, as elsewhere, the prevailing drought had diminished the streams, and the Scarron, usually a wild, rushing river, from the village to its confluence with the Hudson proper, was a comparatively gentle creek, with many of the rocks in its bed quite bare, and timber lodged among them. The buildings of a large manufactory of leather skirt one side of the rapids, and at their head is a large dam and some mills. That region abounds with establishments for making leather; the hemlock-tree, whose bark is used for tanning, being very abundant upon the mountains.

We passed the night at Warrensburg, and early in the morning rode to the confluence of the Scarron and Hudson rivers, in a charming little valley which formed the Indian pass of *Teo-ho-Ken* in the olden time, between the Thunder's Nest and other high hills. The point where the waters meet is a lovely spot, shaded by elms and other spreading trees, and forming a picture of beauty and repose in strong contrast with the rugged hills around. On the north side of the valley rises the Thunder's Nest (which appears in our little sketch),



VIEW AT WARRENSBURG.

a lofty pile of rocks full eight hundred feet in height; and from the great bridge, three hundred feet long, which spans the Hudson just below the confluence, there is a view of a fine amphitheatre of hills.

From Tahawus, at the foot of Sandford Lake, to the confluence with the Scarron, at Warrensburg, a distance of about fifty miles by its course, the Hudson flows most of the way through an almost unbroken wilderness. Through that region an immense amount of timber is annually cast into the stream, to be gathered by the owners at the great boom near Glens Falls. From Warrensburg to Lazerne, at Jesup's Little Falls, the river is equally uninteresting; and these two sections we omitted in our explorations, because they promised very small returns for the time and labour to be spent in visiting them. So at Warrensburg we left the river again, and took a somewhat circuitous route to Lazerne, that we might travel a good road. That route, by far the most interesting for the tourist, leads by the way of Caldwell, at the head of Lake George, through a mountainous and very picturesque country, sparsely dotted with neat farm-houses in the intervals between the grand old

hills. The road is planked; and occasionally a fountain by the wayside sends out its clear stream from rocks, or a mossy bank, into a rude reservoir, such as is seen delineated in the picture at the head of this chapter. While watering our horses at one of these, the ring of merry laughter came up through the little valley near, and a few moments afterward we met a group of young people enjoying the pleasures of a picnic.

At noon we reined up in front of the Fort William Henry Hotel, at the head of Lake George, where we dined, and then departed through the forest for Lazerne. That immense caravansera for the entertainment of summer visitors stands upon classic ground. It is upon the site of old Fort William Henry, erected by General William Johnson in the autumn of 1755, and named in honour of two of the royal family of England. At the same time the General



CONFLUENCE OF THE HUDSON AND SCARRON.

changed the name of the lake from that of the Holy Sacrament, given it by Father Jogue, a French priest, who reached the head of it on *Corpus Christi* day, to George—not in simple honour to his Majesty, then reigning monarch of England, but, as the General said, "to assert his undoubted dominion here." The Indians called it, *Can-ai-de-ri-oit*, or Tale of the Lake, it appearing as such appendage to Lake Champlain.

From the broad colonnade of the hotel, the eye takes in the lake and its shores to the Narrows, about fifteen miles, and includes a theatre of great historic interest. Over those waters came the Hurons to fight the Mohawks; and during the Seven Years' war, when French dominion in America was crushed by the united powers of England and her American colonies, those hills often echoed the voice of the trumpet, the beat of the drum, the roar of



FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL.

cannon, the crack of musketry, the savage yell, and the shout of victory. At the head of the lake, British and Gallic warriors fought desperately, early in September, 1755, and history has recorded the results of many battle-fields during the last century, ere the colonists and the mother-country came to blows, after a long and bitter quarrel. At the head of Lake George, where another fort had been erected near the ruins of William Henry, the republicans had a military dépôt; and until the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne, at Saratoga, on the Hudson, that lake was a minor theatre of war, where the respective adherents of the "Continental" and "Ministerial" parties came into frequent collisions. Since then a profound peace has reigned over all that region; and at the Fort William Henry House, and its neighbours, are gathered every summer, the wise and the wealthy, the noble, gay, and beautiful of many lands, seeking and finding health in recreation.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE fourth annual exhibition of the works of this society was opened at the beginning of February, in the room of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, 53, Pall Mall. The number of works is 319, of which more than fifty are copies, some of them so well executed that it is a cause of regret their authors should exert such powers on imitations. Indeed, the time will come when this society, in justice to themselves, must reject copies. The light in the room is so well distributed that there is no part of the wall on which works of art may not be advantageously seen. In a light so broad the number of mounts and margins tells most injuriously, not only against the drawings which they are intended to assist, but also against neighbouring works. Besides, the space occupied by margin is so much valuable space lost. Margins are effective in rooms where all the drawings are mounted; but in a mixed collection like this, where mounts hang in contrast with powerful drawings closely framed, the thought is suggested, that the mounted drawing would not, in the opinion of its author, bear framing without a margin. We remember the first exhibition of this society, and the remembrance helps us to a comparison of the past and the present, highly favourable to the progress of the institution. Both the drawing and painting evince assiduity and earnestness, and the selection of subject-matter evinces the exercise of thought and the cultivation of taste. We speak especially of those artists who have been thus advanced by exhibition; there are some who were accomplished artists before they gave their support to this society. Although the flower and fruit compositions are still abundant, they are not so numerous as on antecedent occasions; and what there are of them are of superior quality. The bouquets in the first exhibitions were multitudinous, but the majority of them were indifferent in everything; there are now flower and fruit pictures equal to anything that has ever been done in that *genre*.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY, of Teneriffe, contributes five subjects, the principal of which, 'Adoration and Admiration' (185), presents two figures, one of whom, a full-grown *petit clerc*, is distracted while in the discharge of his duties by the beauty of a girl who kneels at his side before a crucifix. It is an effective work, broad in treatment, and decided in manner. 'Just Awake' (204), also by Mrs. Murray, is a portrait of her son lying as in bed, the head only seen. This drawing is of the size of life, and the features are more studiously finished than those of any head this lady has ever exhibited. No. 116, 'Charcoal Burners of Teneriffe,' a third by the same hand, contains two figures, those of a man and woman forcibly opposed to the smoke of the burning wood; the former in the act of drinking from a flask, the latter, seated, looking out of the picture—two characteristic and firmly-drawn figures, undoubtedly very faithful to the peculiarities of the class they are intended to represent. No. 105, 'Resignation,' is a girl contemplating a miniature; and (99) 'The Island Beauty' is a study of a female head.

Miss GILLIES exhibits (196) 'Rebekah at the Well,' an impersonation of much grace and beauty, and this according to the letter of Scripture—for "the damsel was fair to look upon." She appears to have just raised her pitcher to her shoulder, and looks to her left as if welcoming the messenger of Abraham, her left hand resting on the well, and her right raised to the water vessel on the right shoulder. The features are so eloquent that we read in them even more than the words

"Drink, my Lord," those wherewith she presented her pitcher to the thirsty man. The subject is one that is continually painted, but rarely do we see anything so successful in drapery as this, which in amplitude and style is strictly oriental. A second picture is entitled 'Waiting for the Return of the Herring Boats'; it presents a faithful impersonation of a Newhaven (Scotland) fish girl. The Rebekah will rank among the best of Miss Gillies's works.

No. 63. 'Olivia and Sophia in their Sunday Finery,' by Mrs. MARGARET ROBBINSON, shows great knowledge of Art and command of its means. The agroupment is a difficult study, but it is throughout drawn with accuracy, and painted with a firmness unusual in the productions of ladies. It is not so much in the prominent parts that we look for weaknesses, but in the supporting and half-hidden incidents—these are, however, fearless and substantial. A second picture by the same artist is entitled 'Straw-rope Twisting in the Highlands,' it contains several figures presented in a full and carefully painted landscape composition.

By Mrs. BACKHOUSE, No. 214, 'Do you want a Servant?' is a little work of infinite brilliancy, and a grotesque illustration of the question given as a title. It is a little charity-school girl, as prim and sedate as a grandmother—in colour the face is charming. No. 156, 'Children on the Sea-shore discovering Vestiges of their lost Father,' also by Mrs. Backhouse, is a composition of great merit, and remarkable for the assiduity with which it has been finished.

Mrs. E. M. WARD's picture (274), 'Howard's Farewell to England—taking leave of his tenants at Cardington,' is a small composition with the best qualities of a large work. Howard appears here in affectionate intercourse with a small knot of cottagers and their children, according to the spirit of an extract from Hepworth Dixon's life of the good man. The sketch is extremely rich in colour, masterly in the decided tone of its execution, and nowhere enfeebled by any forcing of the effect. No. 281, 'Sunny Hours,' also by Mrs. Ward, is a small group of children with their nurse.

No. 193. A 'Portrait, in crayon, of Thomas Henry Hewitt, Esq.,' by FLORENCE PEEL, shows a precision in dealing with the human features, of which this lady has hitherto given no sign, and which from antecedent essays it could not be supposed she possessed. It is said to be in crayon, but the crayon is so tenderly dealt with that it looks more like a highly finished drawing in chalk from the hand of an experienced artist. There are also by the same (45), 'Study of Magnolia,' an oil picture of admirable quality; and (211) 'View of the City of Cork—coloured from nature.'

'Expectation,' No. 48, by Mrs. SWIFT, is a boy's head well drawn and solidly painted; and, by the same lady, 'The Miniature' (107) is a large Terburg-like picture, presenting a lady in a white satin dress looking at a miniature.

Miss KATE SWIFT exhibits (58) 'Cross Purposes,' a composition of two figures, the principal a French peasant girl winding off a hank of worsted, which is held for her by a boy seated on the floor. No. 70, 'Divided Interests,' is a girl in a larder, who, as about to hang up a hare, has her attention attracted by a boy who is near. Miss Swift's third work is (77) 'Taking a sly Peep,' two children reading a letter by candle-light. These three works show careful study and effective painting.

No. 68. 'Bedouine and Camels—Mount Hor in the distance,' Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE, is not only one of the best desert-scenes we have ever seen, but also in artistic feeling and manipulation it evidences a power and decision rarely seen in the works of ladies: the

near agroupment consists of a camel and figures, and from these the eye is led to the distances by the most judicious and appropriate dispositions. No. 55 is a larger work by Mrs. Blaine, 'The Ruins of Karnak—Thebes.' To deal with Egyptian scenery, that is, with the hoary reliques of that Egypt which figured in the world's history thousands of years ago, requires no common power to invest it with pictorial interest; this work shows, however, the usual difficulties of this class of subject ably and gracefully subdued.

Nos. 34 and 39, 'The Serenade' and 'The Fountain,' by Mrs. LEE BREDELL (late Miss Fox), are two small Italian pictures remarkable for facility of manner. The figures are those of Italian peasantry, and Mrs. Bredell has succeeded in characterising them with a sentiment peculiarly that of the Italian people. By the same artist there is a portrait (37), 'Edith, daughter of the late James Platt, Esq., M.P.'; it is of the size of life, and is much in advance of all that this lady has hitherto exhibited in portraiture.

Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW's 'Portrait of Miss Glyn as Cleopatra' is brilliant in colour, earnest in expression, and a striking resemblance of the lady represented. Nos. 144, 'The Nun,' and 174, 'The Bride,' are studies similar in size and character, equally meritorious in the quality of the Art, and in fitness of expression.

In Tennyson's 'Mariana' (96) Miss A. BURGESS has succeeded in rendering much of the sentiment of the theme; but a happier interpretation is that of (176) 'Evangeline,' who is introduced as sitting "by some nameless grave," and yielding herself to her painful thoughts. It is a drawing of infinite tenderness, broad in treatment, yet minutely finished, and profoundly imbued with the saddened tone of the verse. No. 223, 'The Order of Release,' by the same artist, is a story in another spirit. Two children have just liberated a bird from a small home-made cage, and they are looking with almost tearful eyes at their late favourite in its upward flight. No. 233, 'A dull Trade,' also by Miss Burgess, shows a fruit-girl seated on a door-step, in despondency at the small demand there is for her oranges.

No. 175. 'Portrait of a Lady,' Miss TEKUSCH, presents the figure at half-length, erect, and wearing a riding dress. Careful and even minute in finish throughout.

No. 200. 'The Gleaners,' Miss F. HEWITT, a drawing of much brilliancy and harmony, evinces knowledge and experience in dealing with water-colour materials. No. 275, 'The Village Well,' by the same hand, is also a drawing of striking power, and remarkable for sweetness of colour. The subject is simply a girl at a well playing a jew's-harp, the sound of which attracts a child that strives to possess the gewgaw. These drawings are qualified with many of the most valuable points of water-colour practice.

No. 202. 'The Early Christian of the Church of the Catacombs,' MADAME GREATA, is a life-sized study in *pastel*. Well drawn, and altogether a very daring essay in material; wherein we are accustomed only to see productions of small size.

Three landscapes by Miss STODDART, Nos. 28, 50, and 67, severally entitled, 'Old Bridge of Garry, Perthshire,' 'Cottages at Ardshiel, Argyleshire,' and 'Scenery on the Banks of the Tummel, Perthshire,' are painted with a firmness equal to that of the most meritorious of her preceding works, and with much less of that universal sharpness that has hitherto characterised her foliage. All that we have seen of Miss Stoddart's works are cold in tone; they look like localities that the sun seldom sees. Warmth and geniality would, by giving a habitable phase to them, greatly increase their interest.

Mrs. WITHERS's (No. 46) 'Bantam Chickens,' is one of those trifling subjects to which this lady, by her exquisite manipulation and brilliant and harmonious colour, gives great beauty and value. Of the same class is her 'Feather-legged Bantams.' Then she exhibits (152) 'Strawberries,' an assortment on a cabbage leaf, painted with such truth and lustrous freshness that the fruit is individually distinguishable by the fanciful names that horticulturists give to its varieties. There are also, by the same artist (165), 'Roses' (197), 'Basket of Strawberries and Cherries,' and (268) 'A Basket of Currants,'—all equally excellent.

In Nos. 36, "Pomerne on the Moselle," and (160), 'Troutbeck, Westmoreland,' Mrs. OLIVER displays rare gifts both in water-colour and oil painting. The former work is well chosen as to subject, extremely spirited in treatment, and worked with the utmost nicety of execution. It is the most agreeable and effective of this lady's productions that we have ever seen. The foliage forms of the water-colour drawing hang naturally,—they are made out with an assurance showing that the artist knows in such case what to do and how to do it. Mrs. Oliver exhibits, moreover (46), 'Westmoreland,' and (64) 'The Drachenfels.'

On one of the pedestals there is in one frame a triad of graceful pen and sepia drawings, by a lady. The subjects are, 'The King's Palace, Turin,' 'The Rialto, Venice,' and 'The Arno, Florence.' The view of the first is from the front, just outside the gates. That of the Rialto is from the water, bringing the bridge in the centre of the drawing. That of the Arno is a view from the river of an erection on the banks, somewhere near the Cascine. These sketches are remarkable for their clearness, precision, and the general beauty of their execution.

No. 90, 'The Old Conduit in the Market Place, Wells,' by LOUISA RAYNER, is exemplary for power of drawing and command of effect, but we do not remember the *locale* as here presented. The Cathedral at Wells stands upon the common level of the city, but here it looks as if upon an eminence. 'Broad Street, Bristol,' (95) is a very picturesque rendering of an ordinary subject. It would be a charming drawing if the shadows were not so black and heavy. Originality is often obtained at a cost too exorbitant. 'The Market Cross, Winchester,' (180) is a drawing of great force, and the effect would yet be more striking if the body-colour texture were not so conspicuous. The same artist exhibits also (101), 'North Aisle, Canterbury Cathedral,' and (135) 'Nave of Canterbury Cathedral—Procession of the Clergy to meet the Archbishop.' But these interiors are excelled by Miss Rayner's exterior subjects, which are dealt with in a manner that would be extremely attractive but, as we have said, for the blackness of the shades.

No. 208, 'Summer Flowers,' Miss WALTER, is a rich and various composition; the flowers are associated and contrasted with great taste and judgment. By the same artist (143) 'Fruit,' (179) 'Flowers,' (228) 'Fresh Gathered,' &c., are brilliant instances of fruit and flower painting; and, moreover, these heaps of fragrant flowers exemplify a patience and industry which should command success.

No. 192, 'Entrance to the Kyle Sku, Sutherlandshire,' and (120) 'Dysart, Fifeshire,' are two marine subjects, by Mrs. E. D. MURRAY. The former shows some boats sailing out of the Kyle under a fresh breeze; in the distance rise the Cuchullin Hills. The other is the ferry at Dysart, with market boats about to cross the Firth of Forth. We have on former occasions noticed approvingly the excellent drawings of this lady, the indefatigable secretary of the society: the works she now exhibits quite

equal—we almost think they surpass—her former efforts.

No. 189, 'Grapes and Peaches,' by Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW, is a luscious composition; the fruit is worked up to the reality of nature. Each individual item of the compilation is elaborated with infinite care, but the fulness and abandon of the whole is charming.

Miss JAMES exhibits a variety of essays in flower painting, some of which evince considerable taste in arrangement and effect; but many of them are mere sketches on tinted papers, and should not have been sent to an exhibition which proposes the exhibition of finished works.

LADY BELCHER exhibits two broad and effective drawings, 'Pluckardine Abbey,' near Elgin, and 'Kidwelly Castle, Carmarthenshire.'

On the screen a variety of small but interesting works are hung—an association of highly finished pictures in both oil and water-colour. 'Passiflora,' CLARA E. F. KETTLE, is a large miniature on ivory, luminous in its flesh-tints, deep and rich in its general colour, and otherwise exemplifying a high degree of excellence in this department of art. By the same lady (280), 'The Magdalen Weeping over the Body of our Lord,' a large miniature after the work of Agostino Carracci, is one of the most admirable copies we have ever seen in this department. Near these are a miniature, after the late J. Ward, R.A., by Mrs. GEORGE RAPHAEL WARD; (270) an enamel after Guido, Miss TEKUSCH; and No. 272, 'The Astronomer' and the 'Philosopher,' Miss E. SHARPE. Mrs. MOSELEY's 'Portrait of Lady' (109) is a miniature of much delicacy of execution. No. 273, 'A Study from Nature,' Miss DAVIES, is a small oil-picture of much merit. Among the many fruit subjects there are, by Miss LANCE, Nos. 108 and 109, 'A Study of Plums,' and 'Grapes,' two firmly executed drawings, remarkable for taste and simplicity.

No. 139. 'Praise,' Miss ELIZA SHARPE. A carefully drawn group of charity-school children, well conceived in tone and sentiment. No. 87, 'Tewkesbury,' Mrs. WILKES, is a drawing which for its agreeable facility of manner, and the certainty of its dispositions, must be admired; and equal in excellence are No. 124, 'Shrewsbury from the Severn,' No. 269, 'Hampton Court Bridge from Moulsey Lock,' and No. 307, 'The Byloke at Ghent,' by the same lady. Successful examples of landscape in pastel are not often met with. There are, however, a few landscape subjects of great excellence by Miss THOMAS—notably Nos. 210 and 217, both Swiss views, extremely harmonious in colour, and drawn and touched with precision and firmness.

No. 44, 'The Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Brussels,' Mrs. HEMMING, is a small street view, drawn and painted with artistic spirit and feeling. Another equally meritorious work, in the same class of subjects, is No. 86, 'Les Halles, Grande Place, Malines.' No. 71, 'An Episode among the Heather,' shows a dead bird painted with knowledge and power: the artist is Mrs. Colonel KEATING, who exhibits also, painted with equal firmness, No. 41, a 'Kingfisher,' No. 42, 'In Devonshire,' and No. 50, 'Still Life.' In Miss GASTINEAU's 'Road between Capel Curig and Llanberis' (102), the effect of sunlight is dealt with most successfully, and (29) 'A Fruity Season,' Miss MARIA MARGETSON, is a marked advance upon what has hitherto appeared under this name.

No. 186, 'Autumn Study from Nature,' the Hon. MAUDE STANLEY, is effective and felicitous in its imitation of the mellow hues of autumn.

There are some meritorious copies, but it is to be hoped that the time will arrive when copies will be no longer received: they are not the works to win reputation.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

MUSIC.—The well-known battle-painter, Peter Hess, received, at various times, commissions for the Russian Emperor, Alexander, to depict not only important victories which his troops had gained, but also events in which some act of daring hardihood had shown itself pre-eminent, or a skilful manoeuvre became more important perhaps than a battle fought and won. Such a memorable incident is presented in the retreat of Suvaroff from Italy into Switzerland, in the year 1797. To represent this bold enterprise the court painter, Von Kotzebue, was selected by the emperor. His name will already be familiar to the readers of this Journal, for we have, at various times, had occasion to refer to his masterly productions. He has furnished several pictures commemorative of Russian martial glory, and has just completed another, in which Russian endurance is shown us, surrounded by horrors far more terrible than the fiercest mortal enemy could oppose. The overwhelming strength of the French army left Suvaroff no alternative but to brave the perils of a retreat through the Panitter Pass, and so to reach the valley of the Rhine. The Austrians could not arrive in time to bring the desired aid. On October 4th the Russian army was assembled at Glarus, where it already suffered privations of every sort—want of food, clothing, forage, and ammunition. On the 6th the army set out on its appalling march; the rear-guard, under Prince Bagration, keeping the pursuing foe at bay. On the 6th the long train crossed the snow and ice-covered height, passing along precipices, and bridging chasms that stopped the way. Amid such worlds of ice and death is it that Kotzebue has transported us: a frightful scene of misery, and suffering, and desolation; rifted crags, walls of rock towering upwards to the sky; snow-drifts, and objects encrusted in a shroud of ice; soldiers wading on through the snow, others sinking down exhausted to die in the wilderness, and passing by their comrades without a look or a thought save that of self-preservation; abysses over which a felled tree is thrown for a passage. These are the incidents and objects which a master-hand has here brought together on the canvas. The gloomiest of winter skies hangs over all. In the foreground is the aged Suvaroff on his grey horse, which some soldiers are leading, wrapped in his mantle, while, close behind him the Grand Duke Constantine steps on manfully, helping himself along with the trusty mountain staff. Around him are peasants carrying his movables, while in front Gortchakoff, the chief officer of the staff, is marching. Long files of soldiers are seen on their weary way: yonder in one, alone, seeking his own path; and there is a group striving together to overcome the difficulties which beset them; and away in the mist, looming through the atmosphere of grey, low-trailing cloud, are seen indistinct forms, dismal, and drear and ghostly. The picture is full of characteristic features, little episodes which at once excite our interest. A chill and a sadness hang over the terrible scene.—The artist, Professor Piloty, of whose great picture we gave an account in our December number, has just been decorated by the King of Bavaria. He received the Order of St. Michael on New Year's Day.

VIENNA.—Two pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from the collection of Prince Metternich, and lent by him for the purpose, are now exhibiting here. They attract much attention, and are indeed the objects towards which the notice of every comer is drawn. The one is a portrait of Princess Clementina Metternich, the other of the Minister Gentz.

WEIMAR.—The Duke of Saxe Weimar is diligently promoting the formation of a School of Art in his capital. Already a great number of artists, many of repute, have settled in Weimar; and it is expected that before long the foundation-stone of an academy will be laid.

GHENT.—The rich collection of pictures belonging to the family D'Hane de Steenhuyze, of Ghent, is to be brought to the hammer in April next. Breughel painted four pictures representing the elements, and it is rather curious that two of these, 'Water' and 'Fire,' are here, while 'Air' and 'Earth' are in the royal gallery at Munich.

ANTWERP.—A publication, which appears twice in each month, under the title of *Journal des Beaux-Arts*, was commenced a year ago in this city, and bids fair to keep its ground: the last year's numbers are on our table. The journal was instituted to supply a want long felt by artists and amateurs in Belgium, of a medium of information respecting Art both at home and abroad: it is, in fact, merely an Art-newspaper, without being much of an Art-critic; in the former character it seems to perform its mission satisfactorily.

PICTURE-BOOKS.*

ILLUSTRATED books are a prominent feature of the age we live in, and have almost become a necessity as well for educational purposes as for the gratification which all derive from pictorial works. They meet us everywhere—in the library of the student, and on the table of the drawing-room; they are carefully locked up in the narrow mahogany glazed book-case that ornaments the humble parlour, and they are ranged on the painted deal shelves which the thrifty artizan or labourer hangs on his cottage-wall; the study of the philosopher, and the nursery of his children, are alike their homes. Science, theology, fact, and fiction, are embodied in picture-books; while even the ordinary events of the day—the movements that determine the destinies of kingdoms, or those minor affairs which one hears or reads of as matters only of passing moment—seem to come before us in a more welcome garb through the agency of the artist's pencil employed in the public press. What a contrast is thus presented to the literature, whether perennial or ephemeral, with which our grandfathers were compelled to rest satisfied! How would they stand amazed at the vast and ever-flowing current of illustrated books that, year by year, is spreading over the land! And what a book-buying age must this be, which finds a market for so many publications, and justifies their production!

To publish expensive works of the writings of living authors must, except in some especial instances, be always matters of speculation, that is, so far as new books are concerned; but those which have long been parts of our standard literature, those that have become as household words in our homes and families, present no such objection in the way of capital invested; they must, and do, pay the publisher, or he would not continue, year by year, to spend his money and employ his energy in producing them; nor should we see the same author appearing before us in successive seasons, arrayed in new garments by the hands of different artists.

Few popular writers have passed through so many transformations of this kind as John Bunyan. There is little doubt that, on glancing over our "review" columns during the term of our existence, we should find a dozen notices of illustrated editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and all of more or less merit. Still, the wayfarer is ever welcome, in whatever garb he appears; and the door of every house where the English language is read or spoken stands open to receive him, and smiling faces and outstretched hands greet his entrance, and will greet it till all pilgrimages on earth are at an end, and the last man is gone to his final rest.

The latest edition of the work that has come before us, is one published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., a short notice of which appeared in our January number; we reserved any extended remarks until we had the opportunity of offering some examples of Mr. Gilbert's illustrations, which we are now enabled to do. The whole number of woodcuts is forty, embracing a great variety of subjects, as might be expected if one only remembers the variety of character and scenery comprised in the allegory.

It was observed in our former notice that the artist seemed, in some of his designs, to have lost sight of the *spiritual* character of the text: this arises from the introduction, occasionally, of accessories which draw away the mind from the leading idea of the composition; as, for example, in the second engraving, where Christian is represented walking in the fields and reading, in a distant corner of the picture is seen a portion of an English homestead, with carts, &c. Now, these objects do not harmonise with the man, who—bareheaded, habited in a dress all tattered, and belonging to no especial period of costume, though picturesque enough, and who carries a huge bundle on his back—looks the very impersonation of misery, both bodily and mental. It is an anachronism, though a trifling one, and might easily have been avoided by the substitution of a group of trees, which would have *helped* the idea; whereas the other objects act as a foil to it.

* THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. With Forty Illustrations, Drawn by John Gilbert, and Engraved by W. H. Whymper. Published by Nisbet & Co., London.

A clever sketch is 'Mr. Worldly Wiseman,' one of the earliest engravings in the volume; we think, however, Mr. Gilbert might have given him a little more refinement without depriving him of his "worldly" character: the "lusts of the flesh" are grossly visible in this offensive type of human nature. The next two subjects are excellent, 'Evangelist and Christian,' and 'Christian at the Wicket-gate'; both of them truly felt and finely rendered. 'The Shining Ones salute Christian,' which follows almost immediately, is a design of great elegance, not alone in the disposition of the figures, but also in the masses of wild flowers which occupy the foreground; anything less light and graceful than



SCENE IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

these would have proved destructive to the beauty of the composition. 'Evangelist meeting Christian and Faithful,' is remarkable for its brilliant effect of light and shade; the figures, moreover, are admirably drawn. 'A Hubbub in the Fair' has afforded the artist an opportunity of introducing a great variety of character, and of a class, too, in

which the humour of his pencil is seen to great advantage. 'Envy witnessing against Faithful' must be pointed out as a design of extraordinary power; the head of the former is a most villainous compound of every evil passion, and forms a strange contrast to that of his companion at the bar of justice, who appears to sorrow more for the wicked-



THE SHINING ONES SALUTE CHRISTIAN.

ness of his accuser than for his own imperilled position.

In the second part of the volume the first engraving is 'Christians talking to her Children'; a beautiful family group, in conception and execution. Mr. Gilbert's delicate, yet vigorous, pen-

elling stands him well in this masterly drawing, as it does also in a smaller subject that follows soon after, 'Christians and her Family at the Door of the Interpreter's House'; this is light and very sunny in effect. 'The Combat of Greatheart with Grim the Giant' is a bold and spirited composition,

but without exaggeration. The next is one which is among our examples, 'The Shepherd's Boy'; a pretty pastoral scene, forming a strong contrast to

the David-and-Goliath-like picture which precedes it. Old 'Mr. Honest,' with his pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell, is a capital study; while the 'Supper



MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN.

in the House of Gaius,' were the feast more ostentatiously set forth, would almost serve to illustrate a

two subjects are the 'Pilgrims in the Land of Beulah,' and the 'Passage of Christiana across the River of Death,' both of them elegant little designs.



THE SHEPHERD'S BOY.

We have thus briefly glanced at some of the more prominent illustrations in this edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress"; they are engraved in the best

manner, by Mr. W. H. Whymper, and we cordially recommend the volume to such of the public as can appreciate a really beautiful book.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE COW-DOCTOR.

C. Tscheggny, Painter.

C. Cousen, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 10 in. by 2 ft. 2½ in.

GENRE-PAINTING has reached almost as high a degree of excellence in the modern Belgian school as it has with us; in so far, at least, as the mere technicalities of Art are concerned. The term, though frequently employed by writers upon Art, is not generally understood by readers. It may be explained as referring to pictures of life and manners, which, for want of a clear, definite character, are classed together as of a certain *genre*, or kind. Under this title are comprised the grave episodes of life, which are to history what a single scene is to a drama; or a lyric to an epic poem. Genre pictures consist of scenes of ordinary occurrence, actual or imaginary, and are limited to the circle of pure nature, true humanity, and national character as exemplified in domestic manners in every condition of society. The distinction between historical and genre-painting cannot be too clearly drawn; but transitions from one to the other are admissible, and such pictures belong to the happiest productions of Art; and there are also circumstances under which the advantages of both styles are united. Most of the works of Hogarth may be instances as examples of genre-painting of a high character; they are valuable and instructive lessons, teaching moral rectitude out of common events of life. Garrick speaks of him as the

great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of Art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

Under this description of pictorial works may be classified that large number of subjects, so popular with our artists and the public, which are derived from the writings of novelists: the scenes in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Tristram Shandy," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," in the volumes of Scott, Bulwer Lytton, &c. &c., and in some of the dramas of Shakspere not strictly historical. It is to these sources that the majority of English "figure painters," who do not aspire to the dignity of history, resort for subject-matter; copious as these fountains are, they have almost become dry, so numerous have been, and still are, the thirsty travellers who apply to them.

Of another kind of genre-painting is the 'Cow-Doctor,' by Tscheggny, a living Belgian artist, whose picture of the 'Harvest-field' was engraved in this publication some time since. The 'Cow-Doctor' represents a scene of ordinary every-day life, very probably a sketch made by the artist in his own country: we believe the title he gave to the picture was 'L'Empérice,' and certainly, none can doubt, who look at the principal personage in the composition, his empirical character. He is one of those peripatetic quacks who travel the country, vending medicines to heal all disorders, whether of man or beast. Hurdis, in his poem of the "Village Curate," a work little known in our days, draws an amusing sketch of these wandering professionals. The aged couple standing in front of their cottage are seeking his advice touching the malady of, probably, their only cow, whose unhealthy condition is most forcibly expressed in its drooping head and sickly, half-closed eye: the faces of her owners are scarcely less pitiable, for it is just possible that destitution is involved in the death of the animal; or, if not so, there is much grief in the anticipated loss of an old favourite, a feeling which is evidently shared by the young women inside the cottage. What a dramatic figure is the doctor! he is undoubtedly master of the case; with a bland smile he assures the old people that under his judicious treatment the patient will recover—a fact about which even the dog looks incredulous: and so the movable dispensary is opened by the medical assistant, and preparations are making for the administration of the healing, or killing, potion. The whole story is well told, in true Hogarthian style, so far as the subject admits, and the picture is most carefully painted; but the colouring is rather flat, and not harmonious—at least to an English eye.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



THE COW-DOCTOR.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

© TCHAGENY PLINE

G. COUSSEN SCULPT

LONDON JAMES S. VENTURE

5 MII60

THE COMPANION-GUIDE
(BY RAILWAY)
IN SOUTH WALES.
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART III.

WE are at NEWPORT ON THE USK,* 158½ miles from London, and 44½ miles from Gloucester. The station is one of the most important on the South Wales line. Two other lines lead from the town: one to Pontypool, Abergavenny, Hereford, Shrewsbury, and thence to all parts of the kingdom; the other, to the great mining districts of Merthyr Tydfil and Aberdare, and thence by a continuous route to Swansea. The traffic hence arising has been necessarily beneficial to the very old town of Newport. No one can pace its streets without obtaining evidence of its growing prosperity: there is an air of business, without bustle; its wharves are thronged; and two or three active manufactories give employment to the population. Of late years a suburb, called "Maindee," has sprung up, and has already become a flourishing and populous adjunct of the old town; a church is in course of erection there, with a tower 180 feet high, from the designs of Messrs. Seddon and Pritchard, the architects to whom has been confided the restoration of Llandaff Cathedral. Newport is called by Giraldus "Novus Burgus," or New Town, and by the Welsh "Castel Newydd," or New Castle. Its distinguishing title, "New," was no doubt derived from its proximity to ancient Caerleon—its rise dating from the decline of the Roman city, its near neighbour.

Long before the station is reached, we see on the summit of a hill, overlooking the town, the old and venerable church, dedicated to St. Woollos—to be examined presently; and soon the eye falls on the ancient castle, that once guarded and protected the river. The engraving well describes this interesting remain: it is now a brewery, but retains many evidences of its former strength and early splendour, with indications of the space occupied by its outer towers and ramparts. It is said to have been erected by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry II., who acquired the lordship of Monmouth in right of his wife, Maud, the daughter of Robert Fitzhamon; but Sir Samuel Meyrick was of opinion that its date is no older than the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. It had many famous lords: Richard de Clare, Earl of Hereford; the younger Hugh le Despenser; Hugh de Andley; Ralph, Earl of Stafford, the brave comrade of the Black Prince at Cressy; Edward, third Duke of Buckingham, and the Herberts of St. Julian.

Newport was "towne yn ruine" when Leland wrote; yet a very early writer states that "many saile to Bristowe from that port;" and towards the close of the last century some of its walls and one of its gateways remained. It is now, as we have intimated, a thriving sea-port town; the drawings of Commander May, which illustrate the next page, will convey some idea of its sea-traffic and convenient quays.†

* The river Usk rises from three springs in a wild and cheerless tract, under the northern side of the highest point of the Black Mountain, or "Caermarthenshire Van." It is called by Drayton "the sprightly Usk," that, gathering rapidly her tributary streams, hastens on her way—

“So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon.”

The river after a long and dreary route reaches Trecastle, and passing under its bridge of a single arch, pursues its winding course, by Roman fortresses, Druilie stones, fair mansions, ancient castles,—each of which has its local history,—until it reaches Brecknock, where it is joined by the Hoddin; thence proceeding to refresh other towns and villages: among them Crikhowel—"a prettily towne" in Leland's time, now a thriving and populous town; Abergavenny,—charmingly situate in a lovely vale, and neighboured by scenery of surpassing beauty,—where yet stand some shattered remains of a castle of the infamous William De Braose—the castle in which he treacherously slew a band of Welsh lords, as they sat at table, his invited guests. In this immediate neighbourhood is Llanover, the seat of a noble lord, to whom the far-off Parks of London owe so much of grace and beauty: it is the hereditary estate of his estimable and accomplished lady—proud of her descent, loving with ardour her native land, and ardently labouring ever for its honour and its welfare. After traversing a beautiful country, the river reaches the town to which it gives name, —Usk, the Burium of the Romans,—where yet exist the remains of a castle, in which, it is said, the two sons of Richard, Duke of York—Edward IV. and Richard III.—were born. The river then passes under New-Bridge,—below which it forms "a remarkable curve, which forms almost a complete circle,"—and soon reaches "remote Caerleon;" whence its progress is over masses of mud to the thriving and populous town of Newport.

† The Usk, near the bridge, presents a striking resemblance to the Thames near Rotherhithe, but on a smaller scale. The banks of the river on the Newport side being a mass of docks, quays, and creeks, the river exhibits a peculiarly animated appearance at high water,

The Church of St. Woollos* is among the most ancient in South Wales, or rather the portion we have pictured—the massive square tower, decorated by the statue of a headless warrior. From its summit there is a glorious view of the town, the surrounding country, the Usk, and the Bristol Channel, which the river joins about two or three miles below the town. From the summit of this tower, also,

"Men see a part of five faire shires."

Newport and its neighbourhood is full of singular traditions: there is a ford near the castle



ST. WOOLLOS CHURCH.

in which the second Henry laved his freckled face, and washed away its deformity, to fulfil a prophecy that the Welsh should be conquered by a fair prince, who "would do this thing." To Fair-oak Hill, when Cromwell was pondering over means to assail the beleaguered castle, there



NEWPORT CASTLE.

came a traitor, by night, who sold to the enemy a subterranean passage; the castle was thus taken, the money paid down, and the betrayer hanged, with the gold in his pocket, on the

when numerous colliers are taking their departure to the several ports of England. Our sketch represents the view of the river from the Newport side of the bridge; the tall forest of shipping stands out sharply against the afternoon sky, while the sun shoots its rays strong enough even to light up the muddy waters of the Usk, which here is by no means what the poet calls it—

"The lucid Usk."

Our second view is taken lower down the river at low water, showing the great rise and fall of the tide in this river. The colliers can haul alongside the jetty at high water, where they remain on top of the mud at the receding of the tide. The distance shows a continuance of "docks" and ships, though two miles from the bridge.

* St. Woollos, to whom the church is dedicated, is called in Welsh *Gwennllwg*; in Latin, *Gaudens*. "He was the eldest son to a King of the Dimetians, in South Wales: " was married, and had two sons, who became also "saints." He retired wholly from the world long before his death, "lived a solitary life;" his drink water, his food barley bread, "on which he usually strewed ashes." After existing thus in voluntary wretchedness, he died "nobly," towards the end of the fifth century, and was "glorified by miracles."

nearest tree. Happily, to be treated only as a tradition now—although shot marks may yet be seen on the pillars of one of its leading hotels—is the story of the Chartist riots of November, 1839, when a foolish mob of miners was headed by a magistrate, who paid by transportation the penalty of his crime.

The tourist in South Wales may visit many towns as interesting as Newport; he will, however, find no place in the Principality so remarkable as that we now approach—distant about three miles from Newport—the ancient CITY OF CAERLEON. We enjoyed the great advantage of having for our guide and companion to this singular locality, its accomplished historian, John Edward Lee, Esq., who resides in a restored part of the old Priory, built upon foundations laid two thousand years ago, close to all the more prominent remains, and adjoining “the Museum,” to contain relics, every now and then delved from the soil—rich in memorials of a long past. We quote from the old poet, Churchyard, his “Worthiess of Wales,”—

“Let Caerleon have his right,
And joye his wondred fame.”

We drive through a pleasant country, the Usk all the way in sight,* and our attention is first directed to a farm-house—St. Julian, a very venerable mansion, although of its old glories there are but few remains; it was, however, some time the home of that ever-famous knight, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He obtained this estate by marriage with the daughter of Sir William Herbert of St. Julian, to whom he was wedded in his fifteenth year, she being of the age of twenty-one. The farm-house, notwithstanding its memorable associations, need not delay us. We see the bridge, beside which is an ancient tower, that which commanded the ford, and a few houses—village, town, or city, either or all—which we are told is Caerleon—Isca Silurum, the residence of the second Augustine legion, and the chief station of the Romans in the wild country of the fierce Silures.†

So early, or rather, so late, as the twelfth century, thus is old Caerleon described by Giraldus:—“It was handsomely built by the Romans, adorned with sumptuous edifices covered with gilded tiles, and stately towers surrounded with brick walls three miles in extent; had ancient temples, an amphitheatre, hot baths, subterranean vaults for ice, hypocausts, reservoirs, aqueducts, and everything that could add to the convenience or administer to the pleasure of the inhabitants.” And to it may be applied the lines of Spenser, though they have reference to another Roman city:—

“High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Fine gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries.”

And these pictures can scarcely be considered as exaggerated or overcharged, for every now and then the delver of the soil brings to the surface some relic of unquestionable grandeur, a proof of refinement, an evidence of luxury, a testimony of advancement in elegance and in Art; while the laborious antiquary and the industrious archaeologist trace its walls and “guess” at the enormous extent of ground they protected, when they enclosed the dwellings of the legions.‡

Let us walk over the bridge, and examine that thing of yesterday, the broken tower,§ which predecessors of the Nor-

* The Usk winds considerably between Newport and Caerleon, the road to the latter town passing through some picturesque scenery. Our view from the back of a pile of old farm buildings, showing a most pretty bend of the river, is very striking: the Abergavenny train on the opposite bank sending jets of steam between the beautiful trees which grow on the hilly-banked river, with distant hills lighted by an evening sun.

† It is denominated in Antonine’s “Itinerary” Isca Secunda Augusta; by the monk of Ravenna, Isca Augusta; by others, Isca Silurum; and by Richard, Isca Colonia.—ARCHDEACON COKE. Its comparatively modern name, Caerleon, is supposed to be derived from *caer*, the British word for a fortified city, and *leon*, a corruption of *legionum*, meaning “the city of the legions.” Mr. Owen, author of the Welsh Dictionary, derives it from *caer leon*, or the city of the waters.

‡ Archdeacon Coke (1800) and Donovan (1805) estimate the “enclosure,” formerly within the walls, as 1800 yards in circumference; but the suburbs of the place extended, as it appears, to an amazing distance beyond these walls, especially to the westward.

§ According to Domesday Book, there was a castle here at the time of the Conquest; this tower is said to be a part of it, “exhibiting in its circularly-arched doorways and embrasures the early style of fortification.” It was at first intended to place the “Caerleon Museum” here, but it was found too limited in extent. To the enterprise and industry of Mr. Octavius Morgan, Mr. J. E. Lee, and other gentlemen of the district, we are indebted for this interesting Museum, a catalogue of which is printed. Due honour, however, must be rendered to the memory of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.; he first gave to the town the old Court House, a picturesque building, now removed; it contained the four Roman pillars which support the floor of the Museum. When this building was found insufficient and inconvenient, he gave the materials, and a lease for 999 years of the ground on which the present edifice stands. It is amazingly rich in curious Roman relics. The building is a Greek temple, strangely out of character and harmony with the associations called up by the scene without, and the remains within. There is also a society—the “Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Association,” that labours earnestly and successfully to preserve, and, where possible, to restore.

mans built, and mount yon hill, where stands a church—new, for it is but six centuries old—Christ Church—so grandly on its rise, a beacon to a purer and safer harbour than those worshippers of “Great Diana” ever knew. Let us look down on the site of the buried city. What food for thought! what material for reflection! All—even its name—is conjecture. Cannot these huge tumuli beside us give up one of their dead to unravel this confused thread of an eventful history? Is this poor village, an assemblage of ragged houses and mouldering walls, is it indeed that great city where the legion named “invincible” lived, giving it to successors who again to successors gave it, keeping their “own” here in the midst of enemies—aliens and strangers, though conquerors—for four hundred years? Was it in truth here that King Arthur held his court, and



THE QUAY AT NEWPORT.

is yonder green sward the only record of a name that has been for ages famous in song and story?

Let us descend the hill, and walk among broken stones with half-obliterated inscriptions—altars or monuments, or both—will they tell us nothing? little more they tell us of “the unknown God they ignorantly worshipped;” although of fragments there are many, and of memorial marble “bits” enough, to hint of loves, and hopes, and fears that had their influence and power two thousand years ago. If there be ample food for fancy here, if the imagination may here revel,—and we presume both have fed and revelled here, for in a neat way-side in-



THE USK AT NEWPORT.

some time lived the Poet-Laureate, penning his “Idylls of the King”—there are “facts” enough to furnish the antiquary and the archaeologist with materials for volumes.* These thick walls

* The scene of the “Idylls of the King” is laid here, and in this neighbourhood, for Arthur

“Held court at old Caerleon, upon Usk.”

It is needless to add that of this most beautiful book Arthur and his knights are the heroes. Although the Laureate has dealt but little in pictorial description, it is not difficult to trace here the sources of some of his pictures—

“Writ in a language that has long gone by;
So long that mountains have arisen since,
With cities on their flanks.”

are Roman beyond doubt, "composed of rude pieces of stone or rubble, cemented firmly together with a sort of mortar of singular hardness—a compound of sand, of pebbles, and pounded bricks being intermixed with the lime." Remove these facings of a later date, and you will see the work of Roman hands. Look at the excavation in that field—"the Round Table field," of which we shall speak presently—surely this was the amphitheatre in which citizens sported; the grass is green over the seats they occupied, and the arena where gladiators fought. The "oval, or depression," is in length 220 feet, and in breadth 190 feet: it tells its own tale; we need not the additional evidence that here stone seats have been disinterred, and here was found a statue of Diana, to carry conviction that it is of this place Giraldus writes, "et loca theatra muris egregiis partim adhuc ambitum omnia clausa."

The Romans, however, do not engross all the interest at Caerleon. This was the residence of the famous King Arthur, the hero of a thousand legends and as many fights, whose name has been for centuries familiar to every reader of song and story, and who holds also a prominent place in history, although enveloped in fable so thoroughly that inquiry fails to recognise the natural form of the "Prophet! Hero! King!" Stand, good reader, in the centre of KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE. As we have said, it is no doubt a Roman amphitheatre, but for many centuries the name of the great "Prince of Wales" has been associated with it, and probably not without reason, for it is certain that he and his knights held high festivals here: and Fancy does but little if she picture the twelve—the twenty-four or the hundred—with their chieftain, revelling upon the ever-green sward; and rehearses the unforgetta legends that

"Gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme."

And so the Welsh bards have sung for centuries—

"How he first ordain'd the circled board,
The knights whose martial deeds far-famed that table round;
Which trust in their loves, which most in arms renown'd:
The laws, which long upheld that Order, they report;
The Pentecosts prepar'd at Caerleon in her court,
That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves."

Denuded of fiction, there is no doubt that Arthur actually existed, and was a great and good king, as well as a brave chieftain, who led the Britons to successful battle against the Saxons; that he was the theme of cotemporary poets, and that his deeds were highly extolled while he lived, and largely magnified after his death. Probably about the year 517, being then merely chieftain of the "fierce Silures," he was elected to the sovereign authority. He fell at length on the battlefield, A.D. 542—his nephew Medrod fighting against him on the side of the Saxons, when the traitor too was slain. From this fatal encounter the Britons never entirely recovered, although King Arthur was succeeded by his son, Morgan Mwynfawr, a wise and humane prince, of whom it is recorded that "all quarrels among his subjects should be decided by twelve pious and merciful men." He removed, it is said, his court from Caerleon to Cardiff, the country being thence called after him Gwlad Morgan.

Neither does the interest of Caerleon terminate here—it is famous in the annals of early Christianity in Britain. Here two of the first missionaries—St. Julius and St. Aaron—suffered martyrdom. Here, in the year of our Lord 182, if tradition obtain credit, was an archbishop's see, when Caerleon was the metropolis of all Wales; and in the year of Christ 521, the see was translated to Menevia, in Pembrokeshire, by the great national saint, St. David, who gave to it his name; the reason for removal being that "the noisy interruptions of a populous city were ill adapted for holy contemplations." Of the cathedral there are no remains, but the church, dedicated to St. Cadoc, a son of the recluse king St. Woollos, who, following his father's example, became a saint also, is venerable for its antiquity, and of striking and interesting character. Of abbeys, monasteries, and cells in ruins there are very many in the neighbourhood: in one of them, as we have stated, Mr. Lee resides, a passage from his garden leading into the field which now contains the "Table" of the renowned king.

There is yet another object at Caerleon to which we must direct the reader's attention—the singular MOUND which the artist has pictured. It has been popularly termed "a tumulus," but such it is not—so, at least, say the best "authorities;" yet artificial it no doubt is. It stands in a large meadow by Usk side, and is but three hundred yards in circumference, diminishing gradually towards the summit, approached by a pleasantly-winding path bordered with shrubs and flowers. It is "generally supposed to be the site of a Norman keep or citadel," the ruins of which are clearly discernible on the height. At the time of Leland they were "very considerable;" and Churchyard describes it as, "a castell very old," that stands "upon a forced hill." It is no doubt the "tumum giganteum" of Giraldus.

We have surely written enough to induce the tourist in South Wales to visit this singular and deeply-interesting locality: at every step, he will tread upon some relic of a long past; the eye falls everywhere upon a spot renowned in tradition or famous in history: here the Romans, the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans ruled each in turn—the brave princes of Wales, "Kings of Gwent and Lords of Caerleon" resolutely "holding their own," or fighting, foot to foot, hand to hand, while yielding to the on-march of the conqueror; and here the pure light of Christianity came, in its happy dawn, to leave ineffaceable traces of learning, virtue, and piety.

There are twelve miles of railway between Newport and Cardiff. The only station we pass is that of Marshfield—a name that indicates the nature of the locality. We must, however,



VIEW ON THE USK

except Tredegar Park, the trees of which are seen to the right, and perhaps the tall chimneys of the mansion of Lord Tredegar, long known, esteemed, and honoured as "Sir Charles Morgan," the representative of a race that traces back its history to a time long before a Norman heel had trodden upon the neck of a Welsh chieftain. Part of the original edifice, which is mentioned by Leland as "a very faire place of stone," still remains as one of the out-offices. The present house has a date no earlier than the time of Charles II. "The family of Morgan," we quote Archdeacon Coxe, "being so conspicuous in the history of Wales, the Welsh bards have exerted their utmost ingenuity to trace its origin and lineage. Fanciful genealogists derive it from the third son of Noah, and modestly affect to correct the mistake of the English, in carrying the pedigree to Hain, his second son. Some stop with Brutus, the conqueror of Britain; others



CAERLEON.

with Beli, one of the British kings; and some are even content with Caradoc, or Caractaena. It is, however, generally agreed that Cadwir the great, Lord of Dyfed, who died in 1084, was their great ancestor."

"A Welsh pedigree" has been a theme for joke time out of mind; but there are many families besides that of Morgan, in South Wales, who trace—and prove—their lineal descent from men who were "heroes" centuries before history gave a place to the founders of the oldest monarchies in Europe.

We are in sight of Cardiff, and presently reach the gay and busy station—looking thence over the masts of ships, the hulls of which are hidden by intervening houses. We have passed the railway-bridge, that crosses the river Rhymney, dividing the shires of Monmouth and Glamorgan. In Glamorganshire, therefore, we are now; just four miles from its borders, and distant 170½ miles from London.

Will the reader permit us to wile him, for a moment, from these venerable walls and consecrated memories, and lead him through one of the green lanes, of which there are many, peculiarly seductive, in this neighbourhood, from their exceeding fertility of mosses, ferns, and wild flowers. Our purpose is to visit that which has been, time out of mind, so pleasantly, tranquilly, and happily familiar—a village church-yard in South Wales.

In Wales, they retain the habit of planting the graves of departed relatives or dear friends with flowers, and not infrequently grand-children and great-grand-children may be observed tending, weeding, or, as they sometimes call it, "flowering," the last earthly home of forefathers they have never seen! *

"These to renew, with more than annual care,
There wakeful love with pensive step will g';
The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear,
Lest haply it disturb the friend below."

In truth, however, such instances of order, neatness, and loving care as that to which we are about to conduct the reader, are not to be encountered often in South Wales. The village churchyards are, for the most part, a painful mingling of flowers and weeds—the weeds largely predominating; proofs of heedless indifference being much more frequent than evidences of affection or respect. Seldom, however, have we entered one of them "away from populous cities" without being refreshed by the sight of well-trimmed and carefully-kept graves, dignified by no stone, marked by no name, but kept in memory by those who know the place well, and who are frequent pilgrims there, to render simple homage to the unforgetting dead.

We were driving through one of the delicious lanes in quest of a church, where, we had heard, there were many "flowered" graves: the only impediment to our progress being the wantonly wicked branches of wild roses, that would arch themselves across the road—as if desirous to pay opposite neighbours a visit. What a drive it was!—on one side a copse with its youth renewed, having been carefully trimmed last year, and consequently too thinly timbered to obstruct the view; on the other, a series of sloping banks, descending gradually from an immense height to the lane, here and there looking as if, at some antediluvian period, they had been cut into terraces—and now presenting to the eye banks on banks of wild flowers, occasionally overshadowed by clumps of promising hazel, and stubbed but brilliantly green holly. In some places the effect was dazzling—there clustered the waxy tassels of the magnificent Solomon's seal, the scarlet blossoms of the whortle-berry, no end of pink and white wind flowers; there a long straggling patch of modest wood-roof, —its rich perfume suggestive of new-mown hay; tangled masses of pretty wood vetch, so bright, and seemingly conscious of its prettiness; with fields, almost, of bee orchis. Never was there such a wealth of wild flowers as in and about that lane. The day was one glow of soft, warm sunshine; occasional breaks in the high hedge-rows afforded us peeps, through dark fir plantations, of the sea, one sheet of silver—with far stretches of green turf, where sheep and lambs were straying; sometimes we saw the pool, covered with its "green mantle," or with bright white flowers; or a knoll, crowned with amber furze, gorgeous and perfumed; or a pretty school in the hollow; or a farm-house, not on the huge scale of farm-houses in Hampshire or Berkshire—perfect towns of stacks, and ricks, and barns, and all manner of English home comforts. The Welsh farm-houses are more like those we remember in the County Wexford—very well-to-do, but not overflowing; and the cows, either in field or byre, looking—as, indeed, cows always look in meadows—indolent and contented. Then we crossed a clear stream that came singing and bubbling across the road, refreshing the patterning hoofs of our ponies, who were strongly inclined to dip their noses, as well as cool their feet. It had been a lovely drive; not hurried, for we had stayed to gather flowers, and to look into an empty nest, and to taste some delicious water from the impromptu cup of a dock leaf, and to question an itinerant rat-catcher, whose erect figure, slung about with nets, and traps, and snares, and coils of rope and wire, was suggestive of other "small deer" than rats; but he scorned our insinuations, and "stuck" to the "rats," or the "moles"—"When he get 'im, which wasn't often in Wales; they were 'quare things,' and had their pet 'runs,' as everybody knew. No: rats war his game, he wanted no other—

rats and 'varmints'—and not a farmer in the country but was glad to see him and his dogs—'Ben and Brisky'—rare dogs they war, but of the two, little Ben was the beauty; he was so small, he could almost get into a rat hole; he lost his eye down beyond Cardiff, a-meddling with what he'd no call to—a Turkey cock; and half his foot in a trap set in a preserve—No, we need not smile—he was going his road *innocent*, as he always did, not thinking of nothing but the rats at the Brook Farm—Master John Jones's place—when, all on a sudden, he heard sich a skreech of pain—and he knew Ben's cry—and, sure enough, hard by, there he was—a gnawing his foot off, like a Christian, 'rather than be disgraced in a trap,' like a fox!



THE MOUND, CARMELTON.

Blind and lame as he was, he was worth any other five dogs at ratting!" The animal looked up at his master during the eulogy, and it was pleasant to see how his ugly, hard, bitter little face softened into that peculiar expression of canine affection that is quite unmistakable. And his master lifted him up, and said "Kiss me, Ben," and he obeyed,—and then crawled on his shoulder, like cat, laying himself lovingly round his neck. We presented to the rat-catcher a small coin, in token of good will; and, while driving on, could not avoid looking back at his gaunt but picturesque figure; his long grey hair just moved by the breeze, and the sun



KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

lighting up a bit of copper, or the bright wires of a trap, or catching at the shining brass of Ben's collar, who was still lying very composedly on his master's shoulder.

"He's wonderful clever," said our boy driver, "after rats or any vermin—very clever! but, for all he says, there's more than rats goes into the great pockets of his fastian jacket; and as to the birds!—there's not one he canot win off the bushes: and Ben is as crafty as his master."

We came upon the church we sought sooner than we expected. Truth to tell, we were, as we turned out of the lane, thinking much more about the rat-catcher and the wild flowers than of the church: there it stood amid the trees, and there was the long wooden gate—only opened on Sundays—and the high wooden stile. The church was very small, with the usual

* "The grave of the deceased is constantly overspread with plucked flowers for a week or two after the funeral; the planting of graves with flowers is confined to the villages, and the poorer people. My father-in-law's grave in Cowbridge Church has been strewed by his surviving servants for these twenty years."—ARCHDEACON COKE. A Welsh bard, David-ap-Gwilym, in one of his odes, thus beautifully alludes to the custom of planting flowers upon graves:—"Oh, whilst the season of flowers, and the tender sprays thick of leaves remain, I will pluck the roses from the brakes, the flowerets of the meads, and gems of the woods, the vivid trefoils, beauties of the ground, and the gaily smiling bloom of the verdant herbs, to be offered to the memory of a chief of fairest fame; humbly will I lay them on the grave of Ivor!"

castellated tower, set in a bright green churchyard, nearly filled by the nameless graves of the hamlet's "rude forefathers." The church walls were grey, and time-eaten, patched here and there by that *crinkly*, stone-coloured moss, to be found only on the bark of very old trees, or upon old walls—the grey lichen; here also grew little tufts of fern, and small, stunted wall-flowers, or pretty wreaths of stone-crop.

Within were two old monuments, utterly defaced by time, with evidence of there having been "a *braes*" near the little communion-table. The light fell in streaks athwart the high-fashioned pews, and there was an air of simple reverence and care-taking, within and without, that pleased us greatly. The swallows flitted about the outer walls, while two or three jackdaws cawed, from the tower, their disapproval at our intrusion. Having paid homage to the church, we went among the graves. A rose-tree or cypress had been frequently planted where the headstone should have been; some graves were covered with primroses or violets, but no other wild flowers had found their way into the churchyard: wherever there was a headstone, woodbine, or clematis, or roses—even myrtles—were trained over it; and no weed was suffered to mar the beauty of the rich green turf. There had evidently been a rich bloom of spring flowers: some graves were almost concealed by the long leaves of early-flowering bulbs; others had hedges of box and blooming thrift.

We thought we were alone in "God's acre," but passing round the church, and directly under a long, slender "lady-birch," the delicate green leaves of which shimmered in the air—(for there was no perceptible wind)—we saw a young girl planting flowers round a grave-mound; a basket by her side contained double primroses, of various hues, polyanthus, and Russian violets: these had been carefully taken up in "the ball;" she was so intent on her labour of love, that she started as we gently touched her shoulder. When she looked up, we at once saw she was—a gipsy!—a gipsy planting flowers in a Christian churchyard!

She was unlike, and yet like, her people: her skin was of that soft, clear brown, which, though it does not wear well, is charming in youth; her face was rosy, round, and sunny, set in a frame-work of jetty braided hair, that would not be altogether restrained, but rose and fell in little ripples, that if let alone would have been ringlets,—so much had she of the gipsy; but her eyes, though black, were not long and sly, they were as round and frank as Christian maiden's eyes could be; she blushed when spoken to, but in a moment rose, and stood before us, with a combination of gipsy grace and "ungipsy" independence. She had no gipsy preference for rags, but she had the gipsy love for scarlet; her skirt was of that colour, and above it was a light cotton jacket with loose sleeves, that had been washed nearly white. Her little brown hands were well formed, and her arms were round yet delicate, there was a sad but fearless expression in her eyes; and she neither said "lady," nor offered to tell a fortune!—There was something in her look that made us ashamed of having disturbed her, and we apologised, adding, that we did not know her people buried in churchyards.

In a young, liquid voice, she told us that was not a gipsy's grave.

"Then, why do you take care of it?"

"It is the grave of the gipsy's friend."

There was neither headstone nor board: it could not be the grave of even a rich peasant.

"It is the grave of a very poor person," we said.

"Yes; he died very poor—poorer than we are; but he was not always so. My father, who planted this tree," she placed her hand on the birch, "remembers him rich; and then he was so good to our people—"

"Did he leave no children?"

"His sons were killed in the wars—his daughter does not like to remember that her father died poor. Mother says she is ashamed of it. If she spoke to me, I would not answer her." A look of natural indignation flushed to her brow as she said this.

We felt it,—and she saw we did; she was "quick as a gipsy;" her young heart opened:—

"Oh," she said, "he was our good friend; our people still tell how, when we were forbidden the common, and not suffered to light a fire by the hedge, be the night ever so wet and cold, we had

the shelter of his barns, or the freedom of a little field with a great oak-tree in it,—and (for mother always liked trees and tents better than barns) under that tree I was born: he would give us wood to cook with, and plenty to cook if we wanted; and he would sit with our people round the fire, and read a book—which father says made them better. He gave my mother bread and sweet milk when I was born: and if any of our young men got into trouble, he would speak for them. There wasn't a Lee in England that would not stand up for him. But, he got into some kind of trouble, and lost all he had—farm, and house, and barns, and all. His sons were dead; and his daughter had married some rich gentleman, in a far-off county, and allowed him just enough to *keep the lamp in*. Our people come this way may be once in six or seven months, no more, and one fine summer evening, father was walking up that lane, and who was leaning against the church-stile but old Mr. Matthews—that was his name; so father took off his hat.—'Ah, Lee,' he says, 'is that you? I never thought to see you again. I've just been looking out a spot to be buried in. I shall ask them to lay me there.' So he walked back, and showed father the spot. It was April, and one grave in particular shone like a little mountain of gold, with the yellow crocus,—and another was like a long basket of primroses; and, poor gentleman! he looked on them till the tears drowned his sight; and, turning to father—'Lee,' he says, 'I don't want a tomb-stone,—but there will be one to plant a flower on my grave, when I am gone!' And somehow, my father said, his knees bent under him, and his hat was off his head, and he was kneeling down beside the old gentleman, and says he, 'While there's a Lee in the land, there will be flowers on the grave of the GIPSY'S FRIEND.' He looked, father said, so happy after that promise, and sat with him on the stile till the moon rose, talking about past times, and things beyond the stars, and glad to find that father remembered the prayer he taught him—belike you know it—it begins—'Our Father, which art in heaven,'—and he said, but for that prayer he could not have waited patiently, as he had done, for death—though he still loved the beautiful world—and especially the flowers. Father will talk to this day about that evening, and will stand outside his tent, with his bare head, and say that prayer. The dear, good gentleman died about a week after that—without pain or trouble. Every man, woman, and child of our tribe came to the funeral,—and indeed few else, for he was quite poor when he died. And that same night, father planted the birch, which is now such a beautiful tree; and mother has brought flower-roots twenty miles to flower his grave."

She dropt on her knees, to resume her task, and yet we lingered and looked. She set the flowers with much judgment—alternating the colours.

"How is it your father does not plant the flowers to-day?"

"Poor father's in a little trouble," she answered, looking up sadly: "there's no GIPSY'S FRIEND to speak for him now—and they are as strict about a bit of a hare, as if it was a sheep.—It's hard our men find it to pass game on the moor. I came quite eight miles from our people this morning—as father charged me to do—to plant these."

"And how do you get the flowers?"

"Some we beg, others we buy—*honestly buy*," she added, seeing a doubt upon our lips; "we'd scorn to plant what was not honestly come by on his grave!"

"Why do you not plant wild flowers—they are very beautiful?"

"Well, they are very nice, some!—but nothing is so hard to tame as a wild flower; they will only grow where they are used to grow: plant them away from where they are born, and they don't look like themselves. Some ladies fancy them, and I bring them roots,—but, lor! they won't live neatly, or in rich ground,—and if they did, why the others would look down on them, and call them weeds; and they'd look nothing out of the hedge-row—they can't be kept in order or trimmed. I often think," added the pretty creature, with her sweet smile, "that they're something like the gipsies—no taming a wild flower!"

And so we left her planting flowers on the grave of the "GIPSY'S FRIEND!"

THE GREAT EXHIBITION—1862.

THE Great Exhibition, in 1862, may now be considered as a *fait arrêté*. Very soon the Society of Arts will issue a formal announcement of the plan, and steps will be taken to obtain the co-operation of producers in all parts of the world.

The trustees, we understand, are Earl Granville, the Marquis of Chandos, the Right Hon. Thomas Baring, and C. W. Dilke, Esq.; and, we presume, that the services of an active, intelligent, and experienced staff will be at once obtained: for operations, to be really effective, should begin immediately. It is understood that, although his Royal Highness the Prince Consort will not occupy any position of prominence—will not, in a word, be its *head*—the Exhibition will have the vast benefit of his influence to ensure success. Moreover, an ample "guarantee fund" is subscribed, and no doubt there will be a highly-efficient council, whether "royal commissioners" or not, we cannot yet say, to superintend and direct all the movements, which are expected to lead to a large result. If, in some respects, the scheme of 1862 is not so promising as that of 1851, those who are to labour in the future will have many and manifest advantages over those who toiled in the past. If novelty be wanting, knowledge has been gained; all that can be taught by EXPERIENCE is for the use of 1862. We are prepared to believe, therefore, that while many improvements will be introduced, in a variety of ways, errors will be avoided that shook public confidence, and mingled some evil with much good, in 1851. In 1851 we had everything to learn; in 1862 we shall have learned everything. Foreign producers will be aware of the purpose to be accomplished, and will contribute, fully knowing what they are about: in 1851 they were in complete ignorance as to the nature of the procedure, the responsibilities to be incurred, the justice to be expected, and the results that were to arise.

It was part of our duty, in the autumn of the year 1850, to visit most of the leading cities of Germany, and also those of France. Our leading object was to procure materials for "The Illustrated Catalogue" we had undertaken to produce; but it also fell within the scope of our duty to give explanations, and remove prejudices: it cannot be presumption in us to state, we thus induced contributions that might never have reached England if there had been no one to answer questions put by "strangers," naturally suspicious rather than confiding.

The council will do wisely to obtain the services of some gentleman who will do for them, in 1861, what we did for the *Art-Journal* in 1850.

The manufacturers at home are far more easily dealt with, but neither must they be left entirely to themselves; it ought not to be matter of chance what they send, or whether they send anything. Arrangements should be made for visiting every city and town of Great Britain: persuasion is not derogatory; at all events, advice will be wise, and largely remunerative.

We are perfectly aware—and the council will so find it—that, generally, British manufacturers will be disposed to hold back. A large majority would prefer no exhibition at all to any exhibition, however highly patronized. But in this case, it can scarcely be said they have a choice; there is no one of them who leads, or desires to lead, in his district, who dares be an absentee: he *must* sustain his position, and not be placed in the background by the greater activity of inferiority in the branch of production in which he has attained eminence.

Moreover, we hope this exhibition will be but

the first of Decennial Exhibitions in England; a time may come when they will be required more frequently: ten years of our time is equal to half a century, fifty years ago. We can now visit any part of the kingdom between sunrise and sunset of a summer's day; send messages to the furthest parts of Europe and receive replies in a few hours; and make a month do the work of a year, for any of the purposes of business. It is surely no marvel, then, if, since 1851, there has been immense progress in all the Arts to be represented in 1862. We might easily give a long list of inventions, entirely new; and of inventions that have been matured since the spring of 1851; photography was then in its infancy; chromolithography did little more than produce pretty pictures; in a hundred other ways Art has been working, and with results, as yet, appreciated only by the few. But Science has done more—much more. While Art and Science, in combination, have wrought, or are producing marvels, that will ere long astonish mankind. True, these advances are made known through the ordinary channels; but opportunities are rare for receiving encouragements and rewards, and those inducements which arise only from extensive publicity are seldom at the command of inventors.

Great Britain, her colonies, and her dependencies, absolutely need the power to exhibit progress; a national exhibition cannot fail to produce immense national benefit; there are so many ways by which national wealth arises out of it, that national support may be justly demanded for it. In England, however, that is seldom needed, and never given. In this respect, 1862 will follow the example of 1851:—the Exhibition will be strictly self-supporting. As a commercial enterprise, we have no dread of failure; but all hazard on that head is removed by the guarantee fund; and, as we have intimated, there will be the vast and valuable aid derived from *experience*—not only teaching what ought to be done, but also what must be avoided. We trust it will be a special part of the scheme to show manufactured goods that obtained honours in 1851 side by side with those that seek honours in 1862.

But if we understand rightly, ART, in its higher character, will be represented in 1862. There are many reasons why an exhibition of pictures in London may be of a far more important order than that at Manchester.

There is, we believe, no doubt that the exhibition of 1862 will be held in a building on the ground at South Kensington; there cannot be a site more convenient. It will adjoin the schools and collections of the department of Science and Art; and by that time the gardens of the Horticultural Society will be so far completed as to add greatly to the interest of the neighbourhood. In short, there is sound promise of a great success.

It is, therefore, for the artists and manufacturers of Great Britain to be astir early, to make preparations a long way in advance, and not to be, as so many were in the spring of 1851, commencing works, that required a year to finish worthily. For the present, perhaps, these hints will suffice. No doubt, every month during the next two years we shall have something to say on this subject, and some report of progress to make. The exhibition of 1862 must not be inferior, in any one respect, to that of 1851; there is no reason why it should be: we expect and predict that, in many ways, that of 1862 will be superior to that of 1851.

It will be expected from us—and we shall do all in our power to meet such expectations—that we contribute all we can to aid the operations of the council and the managers. We feel assured that "the press," generally, will co-operate with them cordially and zealously.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Secretary of the late Edinburgh Society of Artists requests us to correct a statement which appeared in our last number, to the effect that the scheme of evening exhibitions originated with the Royal Scottish Academy: the merit of this movement must be given to the former institution, by whom it was carried out two or three years before adopted by the Academy.—Mr. John Ballantyne, one of the Associates of the Scottish Academy, was last month elected an Academician.

DUBLIN.—At a meeting of the general committee of the Royal Irish Institution, held in Grafton Street on the 8th of last month, it was resolved, "That there be no public exhibition held this year by the Irish Institution, pending the arrangements for opening the National Gallery; but that students shall have access for purposes of study to such works in the charge of the institution as can be best arranged in the gallery in Bagot Street, and that subscribers and their friends be admissible to the collection." This resolution was determined on in consequence of the galleries in Bagot Street, where the exhibitions have been held for the last three years, not affording sufficient space for hanging the most important contributions, and from the difficulty experienced in obtaining from private proprietors a suitable supply for exhibition. The finances of the institution are in a satisfactory state, and the new edifice on Leinster Lawn, destined to serve the purposes of a national gallery and a public library, is expected to be complete before the end of the present year.

BRIDGEWATER.—Towards the end of the year 1858, a considerable number of the inhabitants of this town, who felt interest in the establishment of an Art-school, adopted measures for carrying out the project: on the 23rd of January last, their plans were sufficiently matured to enable them to open a school in the Town-hall, under most favourable auspices.

BRIGHTON.—A public meeting was held, in the month of January last, at the Town-hall, Brighton, to receive the report of the Hon. Sec. of the Brighton and Sussex School of Art, and to distribute the medals and prizes awarded at the last examination by the inspector of the Department of Science and Art. We ascertain from the report, which was read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. F. Merrifield, a gentleman to whom the school is much indebted for a large portion of its success, that the number of pupils who have attended the classes of the headmaster, Mr. White, during the past year is 717, of whom the great majority would have obtained no instruction in elementary art but for the establishment of this school, which has been only sixteen months in operation. It is, moreover, out of debt, or rather, it never has been in debt—a rare occurrence in the history of these provincial institutions, and one that shows the interest which the inhabitants of Brighton take in their school. We may remark as another gratifying fact, that of the number of pupils specified above, 112 came under the denomination of artizans. Five medals and about fifty other prizes were awarded, and presented, to the successful candidates; the drawings of two of the medalists, Miss Agnes Lucas, and Mr. H. Farncombe, were selected to stand the ordeal of the general competition in London during the ensuing season.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The monument to Dr. Watts, which it was resolved some time ago to erect in this town, and the design and execution of which were entrusted to Mr. R. C. Lucas, is progressing towards its completion. The site allotted to the work is a most happy one, on a gentle natural mound, and in those fields, now to be called "Watts Park," which, it is said, the poet had in his eye when composing the beautiful hymn, "Bright fields beyond the swelling floods." The statue, with its pedestal, will be nearly twenty feet high, and is to be executed in Sicilian marble. It was originally intended to execute it in Magnesian limestone; but, in consequence of a strong representation from the sculptor, the committee have been induced to decide in favour of the marble. From a photograph that we have seen of this monument, we are enabled to speak most favourably of its design. One of the basso-relievo exhibits to us the future divine, poet, and philosopher in the spring-time of his life. Another represents him in his more mature years, surrounded by a group of lovely children, who are "lisping to him their first lessons." In a third we see the philosopher, who, as Dr. Johnson says, "taught the art of reasoning and the science of the stars." The statue itself conveys an expressive likeness of Dr. Watts in the attitude of a preacher of the Gospel; while an archaic honeysuckle, worked round the pedestal, marks the simplicity and purity of his character. [We are indebted for this information to the *Critic*.]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has elected Mr. H. O'Neil and Mr. W. C. T. Dobson Associates. These gentlemen have justly earned the honours conferred upon them; they hold high professional rank, and cannot fail eventually to become useful members. It has been rare, indeed, of late years to object to the elections of the Academy; into that body a man of talent is almost sure to enter: it is, however, certainly to be lamented that the distinction is always too long postponed—often until genius has become less active and powerful. Mr. O'Neil has passed middle life, yet his claim to promotion was established nearly a quarter of a century ago: it is otherwise with Mr. Dobson, but, at any period within the last ten years, his claims to the position he now holds were indisputable. Two more vacancies among the Associates have yet to be filled up, but the election will not be made till after our sheets are in the hands of the printer.

NATIONAL PICTURE PURCHASES.—It is understood that a collection of forty-six pictures, chiefly of the Italian schools, and known as the "Beau-Cousin Collection," has been purchased at Paris, by Sir Charles Eastlake, for the sum of £9500.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—Mr. Birket Foster and Mr. F. Smallfield have been elected Associate members of this institution: the public, therefore, must no longer expect to see Mr. Foster's pencil employed on those book illustrations, which for so many years have charmed every lover of the picturesque. His water-colour drawings must be classed with the Pre-Raphaelite school, judging from the few we have met with.

MR. W. B. SCOTT, of Newcastle, has, according to a statement in the *Athenaeum*, received a commission from Sir Walter Trevelyan to paint six large pictures illustrative of incidents in early Northumbrian history: they are intended for the hall at Wallington, Newcastle. Four are, we hear, already completed, and the others are in progress.

A COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS, twenty-one in number, has been exhibited, during the past month, at the French Gallery, Pall Mall. With one exception, that of the Countess of Waldegrave, the portraits have all been painted by Mr. Sant, for her ladyship, who purposes decorating her mansion, at Strawberry Hill with these reminiscences of her personal friends. The artist has been, generally, most successful in the execution of the trust confided to him: his female portraits are very elegant, especially those of Lady Constance Gower, Lady Selina Vernon, Mrs. Stonor,—sister, we believe, of the present Sir Robert Peel,—the Marchioness of Stafford, the Countess of Shaftesbury; these constitute a bevy of English beauties: the portrait of Mrs. Rothschild, of the Paris family of that name, is fine. Among the gentlemen, Mr. Van De Weyer, Lord Clarendon, Earl Grey, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Bishop of Oxford, particularly arrest attention. The portrait of the Countess of Waldegrave, by Mr. F. Grant, R.A., is, as a picture, less unexceptionable than others; it, however, looks unfinished: perhaps, Mr. Grant so considers it, and purposes working again upon it. The "troop of friends" is, we understand, to receive an addition of five to those now exhibited.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, GOWER STREET.—Since the notice, which appeared in our last number, having reference to the probable closing of this school in consequence of the withdrawal of the annual government grant, a number of gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions to prevent a result so much to be deprecated. That the school has hitherto fulfilled its mission, under the direction of Mrs. McLan, the late superintendent, and also under that of Miss Gann, the lady now occupying the position, is well known to all who are acquainted with its workings; it will, therefore, cast a stigma upon the community at large if such an institution be permitted to fall to the ground for want of some temporary pecuniary aid; we say "temporary," because there is little doubt of its being made self-sustaining under judicious management, if the present crisis in its affairs can be surmounted. The premises where the students have met since the school was removed from Somerset House have not been found adequate to the requirements of the

school; it is, therefore, proposed to purchase another house, to fit it up suitably, and to start afresh on a new career: to effect this a sum of at least £2,000 is required, and we fervently hope there will be no difficulty in raising it. An institution which enables educated females—very many of whom would otherwise have been destitute—to maintain themselves honourably and respectably, and which in all our Art-competitions, has ever borne a high position, ought not to be allowed to die out when a comparatively small sum would render it healthy and vigorous. We believe that Miss Gann would be glad to afford any information respecting it, to those who desire to give the support of which it stands so much in need.

THE 1851 "TESTIMONIAL."—Our esteemed contemporary the *Critic* writes somewhat indignantly on this subject; considering that Mr. Joseph Durham has reason to complain because his very admirable group is to be placed not in Hyde Park but in the grounds of the Horticultural Society. We believe the change is in all respects an advantage—to the sculptor and to the public. Placed on the actual site of the Great Exhibition, it would be comparatively lost for all useful purposes: isolated, out of the way, a single object in a waste, small by comparison with the tall trees about it, soon to be neglected, accumulating dust and dirt,—few after the first gratification of curiosity would see it at all. In the grounds of the Horticultural Society, occupying the post of honour, sufficiently elevated and continually cared for, it will be daily examined by thousands, to whom it will be a perpetual reminder of a great and salutary event—an event that "chanced" during a memorable year in the immediate neighbourhood, and one of the results of which was a "surplus fund" that purchased the ground on which the memorial stands—its worthy record! We feel assured that the group will be one of the best achievements of British art: its selection from many competitors was honourable to the accomplished sculptor; his powers are of the very highest order; and his energies will be naturally exerted to the utmost to maintain the proud position he has attained.

NEW APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY.—Our attention has been directed to no less than three novel applications of electrical force, whereby, it is presumed, great advantages may be gained. The precipitation of iron on the surface of an engraved copper-plate, by which a very large number of impressions, all of equal excellence, can be obtained without injuring the surface of the metal, has been improved on. Mr. Henry Bradbury has succeeded in coating copper-plates by the electro-precipitation of nickel. This coating is excessively hard and enduring, and can be re-applied to the plate as soon as any wearing is detected, without interfering in any way with the finest lines.—The Electro Block Printing Company, which is engaged in carrying out the patents of Mr. Collins, is now in active operation in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. The processes are ingenious, and promise to be eminently useful. From an engraved plate, and, in some cases, from a print, an impression is received on a prepared elastic surface; this is either expanded or contracted, as may be desired, and the resulting copy transferred to a lithographic stone, from which it can be at once printed; or, by a peculiar process, an electrotype deposit is effected on a plate of metal, upon which the enlarged or diminished impression has been made, and, by a little careful manipulation, eventually a block is formed which can be printed with ordinary type. We have examined many examples of this kind of work, and the result is of such promise that we purpose devoting an article to an explanation of the process.—Figure-weaving by electricity is the third of these interesting applications. It is the invention of M. Bonelli, the director-general of Sardinian telegraphs, and is intended to—and, as it appears to us, does—supersede the use of the cards employed in the Jacquard loom. It is impossible to describe this elaborate, yet, in its mode of operation, simple machine, within a short space; we shall, therefore, return to this interesting subject on an early occasion.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—These rooms are so well-known to the public, and more particularly to the fashionable public, that any general description of them is unnecessary. A portion of the *suite* has recently been re-decorated; to these, with the re-decorations,

our remarks will be exclusively confined. Rooms so much frequented become insensibly, and often involuntarily, public educators, and when the education so produced influences the higher classes,—those who guide the taste and domestic fashions of those below them in social position,—the style in which such apartments as Willis's Rooms, are ornamented, becomes a question bordering on public importance in the matter of Art-education. The proprietors appear to have had some such idea; for not content to engage the best native talent, a foreign decorator was employed—one under the patronage of his Majesty the King of Hanover. We were, therefore, prepared to expect something more than usually harmonious, artistic, and refined—an expectation confirmed by an ostentatious invitation to a private view of these decorations. We cannot express our deep disappointment when expectation had to face the sad reality, and contrast what might, and ought to have been, with what was accomplished. It is saddening, we had almost said sickening, to think what mischief may be done to the diffusion of sound principles of taste and decorative Art, by the flimsy, meagre, and soulless vagaries which make up the crude fantasies which cover these walls and ceilings, and which may be repeated elsewhere, in consequence of being considered fashionable at these rooms; it is a matter for sincere regret, to all interested in national decorative progress, to see a fine opportunity for really improving public taste in that department, worse than thrown away. Art is a commonwealth, in which all are welcome, and we have ever encouraged *artists*, independent of nationality or race; but that equality and fraternity does not include the employment of foreigners to do badly, what almost any number of English decorators could have done better—better in design, more artistic in execution, and better in general effect. The ceiling of the large room is the best part of the decorations, and the attempt to throw up the centre by lighter colour, although not skilfully managed, is sound in principle; and some of the Grecian ornaments which surround the Franco-German figures are not destitute of a kind of unrefined vigour, while the groups of figures on the blue grounds are respectable in style; but what can be said of the ill-drawn, hard, and iron-looking heads that range around the room, and the tawdry patches of colour that deface the alto-relievo plaster work on the walls? Considering the pretensions, this portion of the work is an extraordinary failure, and contrasts most unfavourably with the breadth of style, repose, and higher style of decoration adopted, probably by some London house-painter, in the room off the large hall—a room which has only been cleaned, at present. Had space, and other circumstances suited, a chapter on incongruities might have been illustrated by examples taken from these new decorations. Moreover, we would object to even good ornamentation on bad groundwork as creditable decoration; and another chapter might have been written on the difference between German and English qualities of preparation, if these rooms be a fair specimen of how such work is done in Hanover.

ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.—The circulation of photographs among architects must largely improve the taste of the general body of the profession, those we mean especially who have not enjoyed the benefit of seeing in the reality the various styles of continental architecture. The present exhibition, which is held at No. 9, Conduit Street, contains two hundred and seventy-three examples from continental Europe, and two hundred and thirty-two of buildings and remains in our own country. The minute and exact detail presented by many of these photographs would almost persuade an observer that he has never seen the subject itself. Everybody stops before entering to admire the wondrously rich sculpture of the porch of Rouen Cathedral, but nobody can see it as it is brought under the eye in a photograph. The same may be said of the reliques of Venetian wealth and greatness, in innumerable cases the narrowness of the canals defeats the research of another than the eye of the artist or the antiquary, but the infallible camera registers the complete composition, and presents it as a whole. Of the Louvre there are—the Gallery of Henri II, Pavillons Richelien, Sully, Turgot, and De l'Horloge,—all separate plates; then the Church of the Invalides, the Sainte Chapelle, the Hotel de Cluny, the Porch of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the

portals of the Cathedral of Rheims, with those of Strasburg, Tours, &c. The Italian subjects comprehend famous examples from Venice, Rome, Milan, Verona, Padua, &c., &c.; and the catalogue extends to Spain, the Netherlands, Constantinople, and Jerusalem.

FELICIA HEMANS!—the name is honoured by all who venerate genius devoted to the highest and holiest purposes. Her poems have been translated into every tongue; they have been teachers in every country of the world; and the lessons they convey are those which best inculcate duty to God and to mankind. There is a large debt due to her for the enjoyment she has given, and the virtue she has taught. It has long been a national reproach, that among "Records of Women" there is none of her; that a small tablet in the church of St. Anne, Dublin (where she died), alone preserves her name; and, although to her may be applied truly and with emphasis the memorable epitaph—

"Praises on tombs are idly spent—
Her good name is her monument."

it is a duty, none the less, that society shall render homage to her memory and strengthen the force of her example. It is therefore very pleasant to know that a "memorial window" is about to be placed in the church where her remains repose, "as a public record of her pure fame and lofty genius." Subscriptions are asked to accomplish this object: we feel assured it is only necessary to make the project known to raise the requisite funds. The sum is not large, and contributions, however small, will be gladly accepted by the committee. Those who desire to aid this undertaking may communicate with the Rev. H. H. Dickenson, 56, Upper Bagot Street, Dublin (the vicar of St. Anne's), or Mrs. S. C. Hall, 27, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, London.

MR. LEIGH SOTHEBY, the eminent book auctioneer, and famous as a "book-worm," who is always doing good, has put forth an appeal on behalf of the admirable clergyman who, when the *Royal Charter*, off the Welsh coast, gave hundreds of living men and women to the remorseless sea, exerted almost superhuman strength to recover the bodies and to console afflicted relatives who thronged the coast. If ever there was a case that called for public acknowledgment it is this. To state the case fully is beyond our space: it is, however, done by Mr. Sotheby; and those who are interested in the subject will do well to apply to him for information.

SILVER PLATE.—There has recently been on view at the rooms of Messrs. Elkington & Co., Regent Street, a magnificent silver dinner-service, executed for "the Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Mauricastro"—a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, who is resident in Malta. The entire service is of solid silver, the centre-piece and candelabra being gilt. It is intended to dine thirty persons, and as the table on which it was laid out is the size of the dining-table on which it will be used, the effect was precisely that which the bishop's dining-room will present as his guests enter, and a more gorgeous display is very rarely seen. The cost of the silver service is about £12,000; and, considering the quantity of plate, and quality of workmanship, the price seems extreme in its moderation. Without entering into details, the style of Art-decoration employed in the general forms is highly creditable to Messrs. Elkington; and some of the articles, such as the plates, jugs, and dish-covers, show that this firm is fully keeping abreast of the growing knowledge now available in the designs of such articles. In these, and some other specimens, the combination of ornamentation, whether cut or cast, most successfully harmonizes with the general outlines, which are, in some cases, very fine indeed; and although, in other parts, a tendency to mere pictorial effect is too apparent, yet manufacturers can only lead the public by slow degrees to prefer purer to more showy styles of domestic embellishment; and there is sufficient evidence in this silver service that this firm is leading public taste into increasing elegance of design.

At a recent sale of pictures, by Messrs. Foster, a painting by J. F. Herring and H. Bright, entitled "The Meeting of Friends," realized the sum of 180 guineas; and one by the late W. Müller, a view of "The Bay of Naples," sold for 300 guineas.

REVIEWS.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS. Painted by C. W. COPE, R.A. Engraved by C. KNIGHT. Published by HENRY GRAVES & CO., London.

This is one of the accomplished artist's contributions to the House of Lords, deeply interesting in subject, admirably grouped and arranged, and executed with consummate skill. Such records are perpetual teachers. It is to such themes government should direct the thoughts of a people; if they produce shame for the past, they induce thankfulness for the present—gratitude that we live in an age when persecution is but the page of a closed book of history. The struggles of these Pilgrim Fathers made us free; they fought, though without weapons, for the liberty we enjoy; calmly but fearlessly they resisted oppression; and "freedom of conscience" is their mighty and glorious bequest to their descendants in the Old World, and in the New. The event pictured took place early in the seventeenth century, when the worship of God, except in accordance with a special form, was a crime, the penalties for which grew heavier and heavier, until they became intolerable. Then, and a long time afterwards, those who refused to "bow the knee to Baal" were voluntary or involuntary exiles: hence the New World became the heritage of the Pilgrim Fathers; and millions of their descendants have learned from them the value of liberty. Mr. Cope, to illustrate this grand epoch in the history of earth and man, selected the moment when a number of Christian families assembled on the shore at "Delft Haven" to join in prayer on the eve of embarkation for America. They had previously been exiles from England to Holland, but finding few resting-places there, they sought and found in the New World the calm and hope from which they were debarred in the old. The chief of this heroic band was a "recusant" clergyman, John Robinson; it is he who raises his voice and his heart to God on that peopled rock of a strange shore, about to be exchanged for the far-off desert. Loves and fears can be read clearly on every countenance of that mournful yet hopeful group; but FAITH triumphs; they go forth confiding in the Providence that conducts them to a safer haven than that of Delft. The subject is very skilfully treated: the touching theme has been made doubly touching by Art. History is thus illustrated to become a record and a lesson, supplying material at once for shame and pride. Few will look upon this fine print without desiring to possess it. Few, that is to say, of those who desire the artist to be employed on nobler and loftier matters than "still life," or life that might be, without disadvantage, "still."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. By THOMAS SMITH. Published by SIMPKIN & MARSHALL; and E. STANFORD, London.

This book contains a curious record; one, moreover, no less interesting to the lovers of British Art than it is curious. We have been among the many who think that the British Institution has not of late years fulfilled satisfactorily its mission—to "Promote the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom." This was the object for which the society was originally founded in 1805; and to a great extent it has done so, but not so far as it might have done. Mr. Smith, whose experience of its doings is the result of a personal acquaintance with the establishment for a long series of years, tells us that, from its foundation to the last year, the number of works by British artists exhibited in the gallery has amounted to 22,150, that the sales have realized more than £150,000, and that the sums expended in premiums, complimentary donations, purchase of pictures, and in charitable contributions, &c., amount to £28,515. Now in the face of these figures it would be absurd to deny that the *artists* of the country have not benefited by this institution, but that the *Art* of England has not prospered in an equal ratio, is too generally admitted by those who, during the few last years, have examined the walls of the exhibition-rooms, to admit of any well-grounded contradiction. Mr. Smith states that his object in compiling his volume is, "to place upon record the wonderful energy, indefatigable activity, and patriotic zeal, brought to bear in forming and carrying out the plan of the institution, and that by a class of persons whose very elevated position necessitates so many calls upon their time and attention." The compliment may have been earned in days long gone by; it can scarcely apply, if all we have heard be true, to the noblemen and gentlemen whose names have more recently appeared in the list of directors. However, we leave Mr. Smith to sound forth their

praises, and proceed to examine his book a little more closely.

Briefly, then, it contains an account of the proceedings of the institution from its commencement, a list of the principal pictures exhibited annually, with a brief biographical sketch of the painters. Among those who contributed to the exhibition of 1806 were the names of Sir F. Bourgeois, Callicott, Copley (father of Lord Lyndhurst), Daniell, Fuseli, Howard, Lawrence, Northcote, Opie, P. Reinagle, Paul Sandby, Robert Smirke, Stothard, Turner, Thomson, West, Ward, Westall, as painters; and Bacon, Banks, Nollekens, and Rossi, sculptors: in short the strength of the Royal Academy of that date, who exhibited many of their finest works. In the list of applicants, who in 1809 applied for permission to *study* in the School of Painting, we find the names of Drummond, Wilkie, Haydon, R. R. Reinagle, Jackson, H. Pickersgill, Constable, Hopper, J. Lewis, and Stephanoff; among the students in 1819, were C. and T. Landseer, Briggs, Behnes, G. Jones, Linton, Etty, Hofland, and Brockedon. The first summer exhibition of the "Works of Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists" took place in 1813, with a selection from the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The exhibition of the works of Lawrence, in 1830, realized £3,000, which sum was divided among the ten nieces of the deceased artist.

We presume the funds of the British Institution must have fallen off greatly of late years, for in the summary of premiums given for meritorious pictures, there is no entry since 1842, and in that of donations to charitable institutions, none since 1850; these are facts that show something wrong somewhere. Whether or no Mr. Smith's annals of the establishment will tell for, or against it, is, we think, scarcely a question: at all events his work is, as we stated at the outset, both curious and interesting; how much more so would be a similar history of the Royal Academy! Will such a book ever be published?

THE QUEEN SKETCHING AT LOCH LAGGAN. Painted by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.E. Published by HENRY GRAVES & CO., London.

This is an exceedingly agreeable print, picturing the Queen as her subjects love to see her, away from state, freed from its trammels, enjoying nature, and companioned by her children. Its interest is enhanced by the introduction of a Highland pony bearing home the deer; contrasting thus with the tranquil and happy occupation in which her majesty has been engaged. The surrounding scenery is very beautiful: the mountains look down on the quiet lake; the banks are full of wild flowers: it is the calm afternoon of a day of repose. May the Queen, her children, and her children's children enjoy many such beside that Highland loch. As a composition, the picture is admirably arranged; and the engraving—in line—is firm, free, and effective.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by RALPH N. WORNUM. Part 6. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The conductors of this publication appear to have adopted the plan of giving in each number an example of the three epochs into which Turner's Art-life is divided. The arrangement is exceedingly judicious, as it enables the subscriber to compare the different periods with each other, while, at the same time, it renders the work additionally attractive by variety of subject and treatment. Thus, in the present part we find, 'The Parting of Hero and Leander,' engraved very effectively by S. Bradshaw. This picture, which is in the National Gallery, belongs to Turner's latest style, having been painted in 1837: it is a large composition, of towering architecture, wild tempestuous sea, and still wilder sky, the two latter constituting a chaotic mass of elements which could only have been compounded in the brain of a painter like Turner, or a poet like Milton. The next plate, "Brighton Chain Pier," engraved by R. Wallis, is from a picture in the possession of Col. Windham, Petworth; it must be classed with Turner's second period, and may have been painted about twenty years earlier than the preceding; in fact, the view of Brighton as seen here would almost determine the date, for the town looks far different from the noble appearance it now presents, and the pier is not that on which visitors now delight to promenade, but the old pier that was carried away by a terrific storm some years ago. The composition is very simple, but it is beautifully treated. The sun is going down behind the high ground in the west, tinging, as it departs, with gold and vermillion the fine clouds scattered around and above it: one almost feels the atmosphere to be soft and delicious, but not oppressive.

The water, exquisitely as it is painted, is not true; the sea at the pier-head, the point near which the sketch was made, is, as every one who is acquainted with Brighton well knows, deep; Turner has painted it, in parts, as if rolling in over a shallow bottom, and breaking on the shingle. He evidently did this to vary the forms of the waves, but the harmony and repose of the work, as well as its truth, have been sacrificed thereby, for the centre of the foreground is perfectly quiescent, while the two sides are considerably agitated. The third engraving, by T. A. Prior, is from "The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides," painted in 1806, and one of the national pictures; it is a grand work, reminding us of the best and purest compositions of Gaspar Poussin, so classical is it in conception, yet with a certain leaven of wildness in the forms of the distant mountains. The figures here are realities, carefully drawn and busily occupied, while the huge dragon, whose long scaly form crowns some hundred or two feet of lofty rock, is a poetical episode highly characteristic of the artist's mind.

THE HILLS AND PLAINS OF PALESTINE. By Miss L. M. CUBLEY. Published by DAY & SON, London.

Here is a lady entering the lists, ready to run a tilt with the gallant—knight, we were about to say, but the regal sword has not crossed the shoulder of the Royal Academician—David Roberts. Miss Cubley has visited the Holy Land, and while aiding in the good work of attempting to raise the condition of the poor Jewesses in Jerusalem—the chief object of her visit—she employed her pencil, during her stay in Palestine, in sketching various localities, and groups of figures in that picturesque and interesting country. These have been lithographed by Messrs. Day and Son, and now make their appearance in a handsome volume, with appropriate descriptions of the scenes, and such other remarks as seemed suitable to the occasion. The pictures are not Mr. Roberts's (Miss Cubley would herself acknowledge this), but they are, nevertheless, of a right good order, faithful representations, there is no doubt, and quite worthy of occupying a place—not a subordinate one, moreover—with the illustrated works on the Holy Land which have been published within the last few years. We are always pleased to see ladies employing the Art-knowledge they have acquired to good purpose, and Miss Cubley so uses her accomplishment.

LORD MACAULAY IN HIS STUDY. Photographed by ROGER FENTON, from the Picture by E. M. WARD, R.A. Published by E. GAMBART & CO. An interesting memorial this, of the distinguished man whose recent loss is not only that of his country, but of the civilized world; for the writings of Macaulay have gained for him a reputation far beyond the limits of our sea-girt isle. Mr. Ward painted the picture about eight years ago, if we recollect rightly; it represents the historian in his library, in the Albany, before he removed to Kensington. He is seated in a large high-backed chair, beside a table, on which lie several volumes of books, one of them open, as if just put down; for his spectacles are in his hand, and his lordship has evidently been reading. The attitude of the figure is not elegant, but it is easy, and perfectly natural. The face does not "come out" successfully, though it is recognisable; with this exception—not an unimportant one, by the way—the photograph is excellent, and will be valued as a glimpse into the inner life of this brilliant writer.

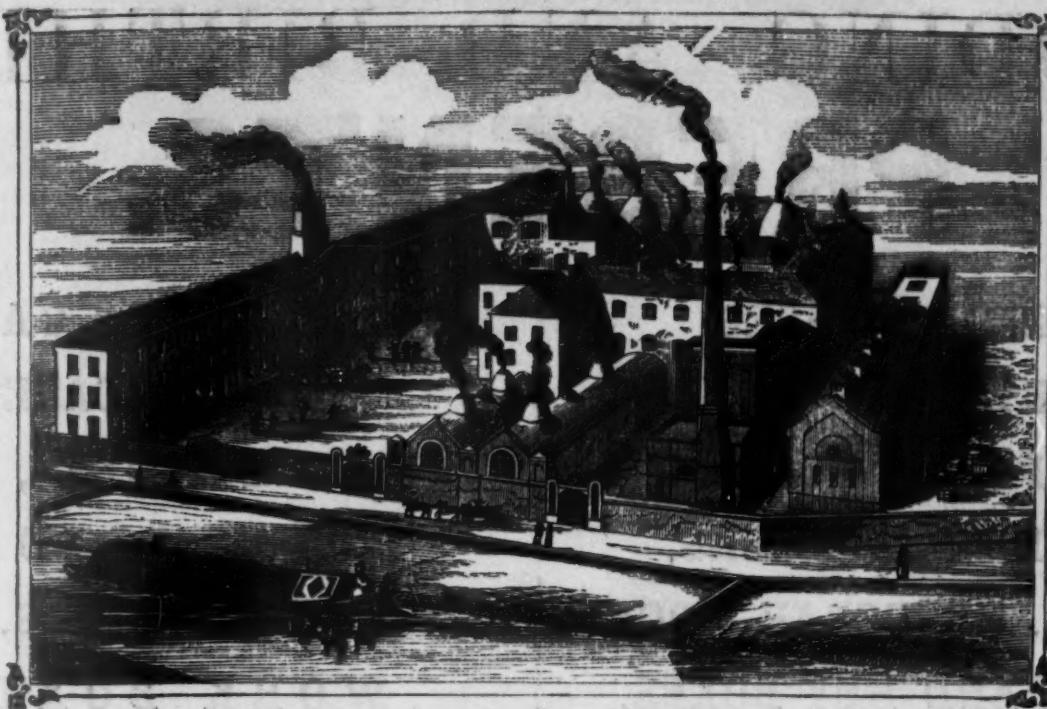
THE BUILDING NEWS. Published at the Office, 20, Old Boswell Court, London. The volume of this hebdomadal publication for the last year lies on our table; a thick quarto, the contents of which are an ample record of all matters connected with the profession of architecture, the building trade, metropolitan improvements, sanitary reform, &c. &c. These subjects are discussed by the respective contributors with considerable talent, and with an independence and spirit that must be effectual for good. The numerous illustrations of important edifices, either erected or projected, are executed in the best style of wood-engraving; we may notice as an extraordinary example, a very large woodcut of the interior of All Saints' Church, in Margaret Street: this engraving is little inferior, in solidity of colour—or that which may be presumed to express colour—and in delicacy of execution, to a fine steel-plate; all the details of the decorated architecture and of the rich ornamentation are admirably rendered, and the print is worthy of being framed and hung up.

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